TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

The Briton is singing his war song. The god of battle is fitting his armor anew and whetting his spear. The call to arms has developed into a frenzied clamor, and no man can foresee the end.

When men talk fight, dream fight, act fight, argue fight; and when the English journals throughout the British world print fight day after day, there is battle ahead, just as surely as day follows night.

The secondary causes of the pending conflict matter little. Cæsar marched his legions to the extremities of the Roman Empire and there drove the German armies to the far side of the Rhine. To-day Britain is launching her Dreadnoughts for the defense of her seas against the German. History is repeating itself after a lapse of two thousand years.

Now the call to arms has reached Canada. Editorially and in their news columns the great daily papers are calling upon the Dominion to arm and prepare. New Zealand has offered the Empire a Dreadnought; Australia is following with similar proposals and Canada is next in line. A like contribution from the people of Canada would unquestionably be a popular move, politically, at this juncture. Governments are operated on the lines of least resistance, so it will obviously be only a matter of time, and that not over long, when Ottawa feels the pulse of the people and follows its mandates.

There is, however, one bright streak on this black horizon. If Germany can be made to realize that she is pitting her 65,000,000 of people and resources, not against England and her 42,000,000 and the resources of the British Isles; but against practically the English-speaking world, she may hesitate and remodel her preparation for war. The money chest is the real sinew of battle. "God is with the heavy artillery," remarked Napoleon; and the heavier the artillery the more funds required.

John Bull is very much in earnest in his distrust and dislike of the German people, and once aroused this same John is a hard man to appease. To us, over three thousand miles from the home base, it may seem a bit foolish, but to the Britisher at home it is deadly real. For hundreds of years the Englishman hated and distrusted France and Frenchmen. In the Englishman's mind the man who lived just across the Channel was for generations classed with snakes, toads and other vermin. They fought on land and seas, sometimes over great questions of state and policy, but more often over matters which appear childish and trivial in our day and generation. A cargo of beaver skins astray was cause sufficient to bring on a two years' conflict. But these days are happily passed. John Bull has ceased to look upon the Frenchman with suspicion; but he has, alas, turned his batteries of dislike and distrust toward the German people. Whether there is just cause still remains to be seen. But in the interval Britain wants help from her colonies. She has not asked it, and it is not at all likely that she will. She does not want a Dreadnought or two merely for the value of these ships, but as a sign of the times; as an indication of what the children on the outlying acres will do for the mother in the day of need.

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AFTER H. J. Cloran's absurd exhibition in the Canadian Senate recently is it any wonder that a cry goes upward for the dismemberment of the Dominion's Upper House? People are ordinarily known by the company they keep, so that honorable body will be obliged to bear up under the weight of Senator Cloran's massive structure until such time as the Canadian public has its way and cleans out this ancient bed of philosophy and learning. It being the seventeenth of March Senator Cloran must of necessity get upon his feet in the Senate Chamber and offer a resolution which mixed up St. Patrick and King Edward in a hopeless manner, ending with an intimation that under Queen Victoria the Irish people had suffered grievous wrongs. This resolution he asked the Senate to endorse, and send by cable to the Hon. John Redmond, M.P., presumably for transmission to the King, though the document did not say so. Senator Cloran's work of art was fortunately declared out of order, and eventually the robust gentleman from Montreal was threatened with ejection from the chamber, in much the same manner as a naughty boy would be sent to bed.

I have all the respect in the world for the Irish people, for St. Patrick, and for the seventeenth of March; but when Senator Cloran takes it upon himself to offer such a resolution and orders that the same be sent to Britain in the name of the Canadian people it is time to protest. A nation that has produced such men as Henry Burke, Parnell and Sheridan falls down with a perceptible thud when Senator Cloran waves his arms in the Upper House at Ottawa.

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WHILE having a dislike for the re-opening of the oft-discussed Kinrade murder case on this page, I still think there is something to be said. Within the last two weeks it has been my fortune to discuss the case with two men of great experience in criminal work. Together they have probably brought more evildoers to justice than have all the "gumshoe" men of this province combined. These men came from different parts of the world; had never seen each other, much less exchanged views, but both were of the opinion that the detectives on the Kinrade murder case had fallen down woefully. In the first place it was the first duty of these men to take charge and keep close watch over every possible suspect and important witnesses, allowing no intercourse between them until each one had been put through a searching examination by the detectives. These examinations would have been conducted individually and in private, and thus those rare bits of scandal (alleged or true) would, unless they bore upon the case, have gone no farther than the detectives. In other words the dailies would not have been in a position to serve up the "hot stuff" which George Tate Blackstock indulged in. Of course, the scandal mongers would have been greatly disappointed, but under the circumstances this would have been quite as well.

Another matter which dwelt in the minds of my two crime experts was the fact that the house was overrun, not only by "gumshoe" men, but by every one else apparently. What an opportunity for some unscrupulous scoundrel to get his name in the papers in black type! It would have been so easy to drop a revolver of the proper calibre, with the necessary "empty" shells, in some convenient corner and then "discover" it at the proper moment. My! What a sensation it would have produced. Fortunately nothing of the sort happened, and this speaks well for all those who had access to the Kinrade house. The supposition is not, however, so out of proportion with actual experiences as might be imagined. Such things have occurred in other places. For instance, some years ago a Chicago youth with crooked ideas had the bad habit of setting fire to buildings in order that he might turn in the alarm and be first on the scene as the scribe of a live morning daily. Another instance is that of a man who burglarized places and then wrote the story.

From first to last the Kinrade affair appears to have been a case of mismanagement, as well as of murder, and may it be long before the good name of this province is again besmeared by such proceedings.

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IN these days of municipal mismanagement the question of government by commission, or better yet, by municipal general managers, is of the first importance. There is hardly a city of the larger size on the continent where gross maladministration is not the rule, rather than the exception. In Montreal, mis-government with the accompanying plunderbund, has become a fine art; here in Toronto the effects of government by a large administrative body are by no means as bad as in our sister city, but at the same time there is vast deal of room for improvement. The difficulty here as in other places is a defective system, a system improvised at a time when communities were small, when a few thousands of dollars were sufficient to carry along the year's work, and when the machinery of government was a simple matter indeed, as compared with the necessarily complex civic problems of to-day.

We live in an age of business; in a decade when great things are being accomplished by corporations. We are surrounded by a race of general managers, men trained for their specific duties through long years of application to special lines of work. When Sir William Van Horne thought fit to resign the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, did the Board of Directors consider the application of any steamboat or hotel man to take his place? Had they done so I can see where they would get off at the next annual meeting. On the contrary they unhesitatingly nominated Thomas Shaughnessy for the position. Why? Because for years he had been trained to meet this very contingency. The Board of Directors of the C.P.R. did not nominate Sir Thomas because he is a good fellow, or because he had raised a company or a regiment for the South African war, or is a leading figure in the Q.R.S.T. of the X.Y.Z.; but this is what we do when we nominate mayors, comptrollers and aldermen.

What cities call for the world over is civic administration by business men who are specially qualified for the work; in other words they want municipal general managers. No city, at least on this continent, can be operated successfully while it remains in the realm of politics. It is tried year after year, decade after decade, and the gross results spell failure nine times in ten. It is universally acknowledged that Washington, D.C., is by all odds better administered as regards its civic affairs than any centre of population on the continent; and this is done by a non-political board of three members. These commissioners have absolute control over all departments of civic affairs. There is no mayor, there are no aldermen to appease, and there are no political pulls, either going or coming. These men have knowledge, tact, capacity and unassailable integrity, and, therefore, they win out, to their own and the public's satisfaction.

The strange part is that the ordinary man will unhesitatingly acknowledge all this to be true, but at the same time will move neither hand nor foot to place his own city in a like position. The business man operates his corporation with profit to himself and satisfaction of his fellow stockholders, but that same man will year after year go on voting for the same old system of misrule and mis-government as regards the city in which he lives.

A great railway corporation has the same varied and complex interests as the corporation. Each has its finance officer, its traffic manager, its superintendents, its police force, its purchasing officers and so on through scores of departments. One department over zealous would sacrifice the interests of another; but not so. The general manager steps in and holds the balance and sees that the whole service is dealt with as a whole, and to the best interests of the company. The proposition is one which must appeal to every business man accustomed to handling large affairs.

Some day the average voter is going to awake to the situation, either here or elsewhere. He is going to see that as a taxpayer he is not getting his money's worth. He is going to stop the leaks, and make a dollar buy a hundred cents' worth.

As the world rolls on and we roll with it, we will live and learn, and some day, mayhap, we will learn to govern ourselves by other than political methods.

IS it not about time that the busy lawmakers let up and gave the everyday citizen who does not, as a habit, frequent Parliament Buildings, an opportunity to get his breath? We are lawed, mostly by fool laws, in season and out. If the law makers of the land would take a long vacation, say three or four years between sessions, the country as a whole would benefit greatly. The trouble is that every second member of local and Federal Houses feels it his bounden duty to propose some legislation or other, good, bad or indifferent. It gets his name in the papers, and his constituency is presumed to get chesty in consequence.

The latest exponent of freak laws is A. E. Fripp, Conservative member for West Ottawa, who is introducing a bill in the Local House dealing with labor problems. As an arbitrary measure it would be hard to duplicate, and if passed a man might just as well turn his business over to Mr. Fripp, or anyone else who would take it. In the first place the bill restricts the working day to eight hours, and establishes a minimum wage of twenty cents per hour. The employee may be worth only 6 2-3 cents an hour to you or any other man, but that does not make any difference to Mr. Fripp. Another provision is that should the province, perchance, wish to employ men by day labor they must pay the highest current wages. The bill further provides that no girl under twenty-one and no boy under eighteen shall under any circumstances work more than eight hours per day. In other words if there is overtime work to do they are not allowed to participate, no matter what the rate of wage might be. In the case of the boy under eighteen and the girl under twenty-one, the Minister of Agriculture shall determine what a fair and reasonable wage is. In other words a man would not in this event operate his own business, but the Minister of Agriculture, who, of course, would be familiar with all the details would operate it for you. All these things you must do or not do, or be fined.

Of course, the enactment of such fool legislation is out of the question. No Parliament, except perchance the members had gone daft, would give it serious consideration. At the same time it indicates to some extent a tendency of a certain class of socialistic dreamers, who would, if they could, debar initiative in all classes of business and people, and who would have us bound and shackeled to the State. This continent has gone along very comfortably without having the Governments operate our private businesses for us, and we will get along, thank you, very nicely in the future. But we must be left alone.

Undue interference with the business community has blasted the commercial spirit of more than one city on this continent. Take as an instance the port of Quebec. Once upon a time it held unquestioned sway as Canada's foremost seaport. Then what happened? The longshoremen concluded that they would run the port to suit themselves, and the result was they drove every ocean-going vessel from the wharves, never to return. The Longshoremen's Union still exists and Quebec sleeps on. The city of Cleveland, Ohio, went through a similar experience years ago, and it took a quarter of a century for that centre to recover her lost ground. Introduce such legislation here, and we would find our factories and workshops moving into the province of Quebec or over the border into the United States. If a man can't operate his own business in his own way here he will go to a country where he can. That's human nature, and it's the essence of commercialism.

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WHO are to blame for the low average quality of stage entertainments? Who are responsible for the dreary humor and jingling melodies of the usual musical-comedy, the miserable convention and stage claptrap of the ordinary play, or, when a serious aim is alleged, the morbid pruriency which generally marks the playwright's attitude towards life? At whose door should the blame for all these things be laid? This is a question which a number of people are now asking themselves—even among those who regard the theatre almost exclusively as a means of entertainment, and a place where a certain number of evenings in a month can be killed with least effort. And the answers are various, according to the character and mental make-up of the individual.

The answer most usually given is the commercial spirit of modern stage enterprise. People who hold this view of the matter will point out to you that the present-day theatrical producer and manager is a mere business man, who regards his stage ventures purely as a sort of commercial gamble, much as a speculator would look on a deal in wheat or steel. To such a man as this, they will tell you, the advancement or uplift of the stage are mere words, to be used as advertising requirements suggest, but with no more aesthetic significance than the advice to use a certain brand of soap or breakfast food. And in support of this view they will point out that the control of theatrical affairs in this country has come almost entirely into the hands of men who are more famous for their keenness and success in trade than for its enthusiasm or achievement in the cause of art.

Still others will put the blame on the playwrights. The great dramatists are all dead and gone, say these people, and we are now living in the days of little men. The authors who are writing for the stage to-day are mere purveyors of hodge-podge and claptrap, weak and absurd productions which do not represent truth or life or anything in the world but the befuddled intellects of their creators. The modern stage is weak and futile, they conclude, for the very simple reason that it has nothing to present but the productions of weak and futile men. Given the playwrights, all the rest would follow, and the theatre of to-day would take the high place which belongs to it.

There is something in both these views. There can be no doubt of the strongly commercial spirit which rules the theatre in America; and this unfortunately is one of the inevitable tendencies of the time. Art for art's sake, is a principle nowhere so utterly disregarded

THEY'RE COMING ! !

as on the stage. There also can be no doubt of the small intellectual and artistic stature of most of our dramatic authors as compared to the giants of other generations or other countries. But while making all due allowance for this, it seems to me that the real reason for the poverty of our stage lies deeper down—down in the hearts of the people themselves. "It is not in our stars or our producers or our authors, but in ourselves that we are underlings." We are given worthless musical comedies, as utterly destitute of music as they are of humor, and plays which are guiltless of an idea or a touch of human nature, for the very good and sufficient reason that we are the sort of people who like that sort of thing. We want George Cohans and George Ades and their wares, and we are willing to give tremendous rewards in money to those who meet our demands. Is it any wonder then that authors and producers and actors should all endeavor to come down to the level where alone they can be sure of our approval? Should we be surprised at them doing so, when we combine to give a colossal revenue to a man like Clyde Fitch, whose only merit is a clever manipulation of stage effects and a shrewd estimate of public requirements, while productions marked by high seriousness and real artistic accomplishment are played to empty benches?

We have lately had in this city a splendid opportunity of forming an idea of what the public demands of the theatre, and of comparing different classes of plays in their appeal to the people. At the same theatre two plays were presented in successive weeks. The first was a farce, a thing of improbable situations and ludicrous motives, whose sole merit was its verve and its untiring variety of incident. It was a good farce as farces go, but still it was only a farce—certainly not the highest form of dramatic entertainment. But it filled the theatre. People stood in rows at the rear of the house, and everyone laughed and applauded till almost exhausted. There could be no question that it had scored a triumphant success.

The following week came a play which, though marred by faults and weaknesses, was filled with the very highest of moral and artistic purposes. It presented the splendid story of a woman's climb from a life of sordid degradation to one of pure and unselfish activity. It told of her temptations, her struggles, and her final triumph, raising with her the man who had shared in her sin and finally leading him into the light. The play also possessed a great social interest, displaying as it did the working of a religious organization which has become a tremendous factor in the moral development of a certain type of city life. The Salvation Army has accomplished a great task and is destined to accomplish a still greater in the regeneration of those who live in slums, and this play showed how it goes about its work. As for the manner of the presentation, it was as complete and perfect as modern stage-craft will permit. The central role was filled by the most intellectual of American actresses, and every part in the large cast was ably played. If for no other reason than its splendid staging and acting the play should have been a success. But was it? No. It did not draw anything like the houses it deserved; and even those who did go showed nothing like the enthusiasm displayed a week before. It wasn't the kind of play the general public either wanted or understood, and it wasn't a success either popularly or financially. Who is to blame? Well, this at least is something that cannot be very well laid on either the producer or the author, both of whom have displayed in it high and serious intent. Neither can one talk about the Theatrical Trust—for it had nothing to do with it. There is left only our own little selves—so we mustn't be too severe.

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WHAT is there about the temperament of the German people that makes self-destruction so prevalent among them? I am reminded of the fact by the suicide of a young man of twenty named Diefenthal here in Toronto the other day. He said that the world was not treating him well enough, so took carbolic acid and ended it all. He was strong and able, and apparently in good health; but still at the first downward turn in his life's affairs he calmly writes a few lines of farewell, takes a dose of the fearful acid and walks until he falls dead. In centres containing a large percentage of people of German blood, such as Milwaukee and New York, cases of self-destruction are astonishingly large. And this is particularly true during the warm months of summer, when in quiet and secluded places, such as Central Park, New York, men and women of Teutonic blood do away with themselves in a manner that makes even the hardened members of the police patrol marvel. The Germans, as a race, are a sprightly people; fond of the good things of life. They are music lovers, intelligent, home lovers, hardworking, and what is more to the point, saving. No man, the Scotchman excepted, has a more watchful eye over the main chance and the future than the man of German blood. But at the same time he is given to doing away with himself, on this continent at least.

On the other hand the Irishman, who is apparently of a far more impressionable temperament, a man of varying moods, seldom falls to the point of self-destruction. That the Celt will fight and is utterly reckless of his life when pitted against an enemy, the records of the battles of the world for hundreds of years testify. He will fight to the bitter end, and die fighting. He will take chances few men of other races will take, and take them in the face of almost certain death, but suicide he will not for a moment countenance. The difference in religious beliefs may have something to do with this strange phenomena, for Irishmen as a race are religious, while the German temperament runs to much freedom in churchly matters. However, this explanation will go only part way, and will cover only a very small portion of the field of inquiry. It is apparently one of those inexplicable mysterious differences by which we separate the peoples of the world into nations.

THE COLONEL.

Mounted Police for Ontario.

Editor Saturday Night: I endorse every word of Henry J. Woodside's plea for a mounted police corps for Ontario, modelled on the R. N. W. M. P. In New Zealand, that happy country, where crime is so rare that people seldom trouble to lock their doors, and a murder is hardly ever heard of, there is a capital mounted force, whose duties are more concerned with civil than with criminal matters.

Crime is unfortunately prevalent here, and a competent force would doubtless do much to repress it. But the civil advantages should not be overlooked. The mounted policeman patrolling the highways is in a position to render assistance and advice in many ways—too many to enumerate here. In this north country he would be invaluable during the summer months as a fire ranger, able to speed quickly to the source of danger and summon aid at times when minutes are valuable.

A mounted police force, constantly patrolling the highways, and subject to provincial authority, could soon rid the country of professional tramps, and at the same time assist the genuine seeker for work in finding a place. This function alone would go far in preventing crime.

J. W. HOLLAND.

Day Mills, Ont., Mar. 18, 1909.

Our Sea.

THE Sea! the Sea!
Our own home-land, the Sea!
'Tis, as it always was, and still, please God, will be,
When we are gone,
Our own,
Possessing it for Thee,
Ours, ours, and ours alone,
The Anglo-Saxon Sea.
The stripped, moon-shining, naked-bosomed Sea.

No jerry-building here;
No scenes that once were dear
Beneath man's tawdry touch to disappear;
Always the same, the Sea,
Th' unstable-steadfast Sea.
'Tis, as it always was, and still, please God, will be,
When we are gone,
Our own,
Vice-regents under Thee,
Ours, ours, and ours alone,
The Anglo-Saxon Sea.
The mighty-furrowed, moody-minded Sea.

New suns and moons arise;
Perish old dynasties;
For ever rise and die the centuries;
Only remains the Sea,
Our right of way, the Sea.
'Tis, as it always was, and still, please God, will be,
When we are gone,
Our own,
Our heritage from Thee,
Ours, ours, and ours alone,
The Anglo-Saxon Sea.
Our good, grey, faithful, Saxon-loving Sea.

—From "The Gentleman," by Alfred Ollivant.

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THE NEW IDEA IN HOME BUILDING

TORONTO has more nicknames than the average city. It is called the City of Churches, the City of Pretty Women, the City of Homes, Toronto the Good—likewise Hogtown. However, those who know the various social currents of the town—its real life, its general tendencies—will agree that it is more than anything else a City of Homes. For it is unique in this respect. It has perhaps more real homes than any city of its class anywhere.

When a man who, say five years ago, relinquished his Toronto citizenship to go West or elsewhere, revisits the city to-day he finds many changes. He finds more and finer warehouses and factories. He finds lower Yonge street busier by day, and, with its many flashing electric signs, its increased throngs of sightseers and theatre-goers, much more metropolitan by night. The whole downtown district has taken on more of the big-city atmosphere. But the greatest changes have occurred in the residential districts, and the expansion of these is truly remarkable. Even two years have brought about changes, particularly on "the hill," that would astonish many Torontonians who are not in the habit of roaming about, on the look-out for new and interesting features of the city's rapid growth. Now that spring is at hand, it is worth while to take a walk through any of the newer districts of a Sunday and watch the swarms of prospective home-builders or home-buyers looking about them.

But much more interesting is a study of the new idea in house-building and home-making, examples of which are to be noted anywhere in the city where residential construction of a good class is in progress. This idea is one that is becoming general among people of taste throughout the country, and some consideration of it as it presents itself in Toronto, where home-building is being made a study by architects and a remarkably large number of citizens, ought to be not only of local but of general interest.

Time was, not so many years ago, when an attractive house meant one that was costly and imposing. All houses, practically, could be divided into two distinct types—the big and showy and the small and ordinary. The average citizen felt that it was beyond him to possess or live in a house that was at all distinctive. Or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that the average citizen thought little or nothing about distinctiveness in his home. If he had a neat, tidy place—even if in general lines it was exactly like every other house on the street—he felt satisfied. As to the man with money, he simply bought a house that was big and pretentious-looking, or he went to an architect and told him to build the finest place he could within a given appropriation. The result was, generally speaking, that both small and large types lacked individualism—the difference between them being merely a difference in cost.

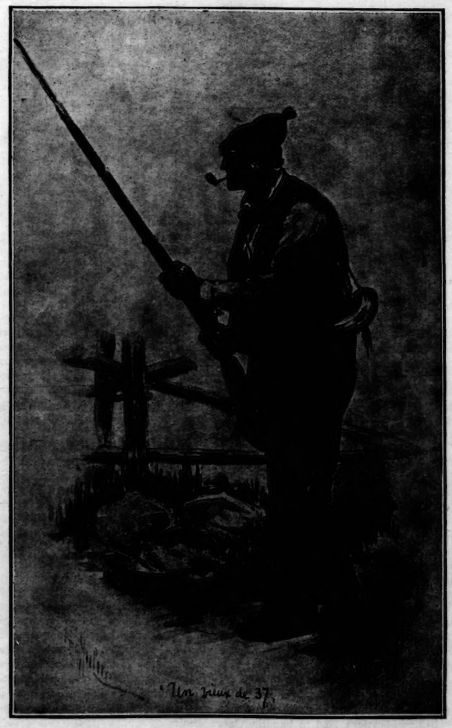
We all know the type of moderate-priced house that with scarcely a variation was built here for many years. There are streets full of them, looking as much alike as rows of turnips. This type is narrow and high. In front is the inevitable large or bow window with its "art" glass. The front door is similarly decorated. Inside is the narrow and generally dark passage termed a hall. To one side is the "parlor" with mantel-piece of elaborate woodwork and gaudy tile. Sliding or folding doors lead from this chamber of stiffness, starchiness and stuffiness into a dining room. Further back is the kitchen. Upstairs somewhere is a sitting room. The ceilings are high and probably ornamented with "fancy" plaster work. The woodwork, as a rule grained in imitation of some hardwood, is so very fancy that no amount of work can keep it quite free of dust. The house, as houses go, is comfortable but commonplace; and, according to the amount of over-ornamentation, plain or ugly. The old-fashioned big-house type is also familiar. It is massive and showy outside, but not homelike. Inside it is roomy, trimmed with real hardwood, and finished elaborately in Pullman-car fashion. It is scarcely necessary to add that the fine old plain colonial houses, of which there are yet notable examples, are not in this class. These exceptions are ideal homes.

The new idea, however, is that whether a house is small or large it ought to be homelike and in good taste. Of course the price of land makes it necessary to adhere largely to the old type in building semi-detached houses. But interesting variations are beginning to be planned, especially in the interiors, of this class of home. To-day, however, the most remarkable feature of Toronto's supremacy as a city of homes is the large number of her artistic moderate-priced detached houses—those ranging in cost, roughly speaking, from $5,000 to $10,000. The architects of the city are working enthusiastically on this idea, this problem, of designing homes that are modest but tasteful and unique. Along no line, indeed, has local architecture made a more notable advance than in this. The designing and building of small, artistic houses involves much thought and care and brings comparatively small reward. But Toronto architects have more than risen to the occasion in meeting and encouraging the new idea in house-building.

This new idea—which ought to be cultivated as much as possible all over the country—is one of simplicity, harmony, common sense. The carefully-built model house these days may have plenty of kinks and corners—it generally has. But it is not freaky; nor is it formal. Outside it has pleasing color scheme. Stained-shingle gables, good chimneys, broad eaves, casement windows, and other features suggest cosiness inside. The house is not high, but low and long, and its lines harmonize. Inside there are no dark corners. There is no unused parlor. There is sure to be a big bright living room. There are fireplaces, not mantel-pieces. If the trim is not hardwood it is not "grained" in imitation of hardwood. There is no imitation or pretence anywhere. The furniture, too, is simple but good, and useable.

But the point needing emphasis is that this new home idea is not a fad. It will not "go out of style." It is admirable not because it is the vogue, but because whatever is simple and in good taste is excellent always.

HAL.



UN VIEUX DE '37 (A VETERAN OF '37) BY HENRI JULIEN.

In this water color the late Henri Julien depicted a type of French Canadian with whom, as a young man, he was thoroughly familiar; it being a characteristic drawing of an old habitant, armed with a long flint lock and carrying a powder horn as in the Rebellion of 1837. The reproduction, lacking the coloring of the original, naturally loses much that is of value in the painting. The bright colored tuque and sash, the brown homespun trousers, and the hard, leathery dark face of the old man show Henri Julien at his best.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, in the course of an eloquent after-dinner speech in Boston, said of child labor.

"When we consider the indifference with which so many of our great men look upon the child-labor evil, we can't help wondering if these men are so very great after all."

Senator Beveridge paused and smiled.

"An orator," he said, "was addressing an assemblage of people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

"'Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defense? In the face of manifold wrongs, why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?'

"'Because they're all cast in bronze,' shouted a cynic in the rear."

The latest issue to hand of a Bradford, Yorkshire, paper contains the following advertisement from Verviers, Belgium: "An agent well aware of the woollen trade, desires to represent a firm making the article."

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NEW WALL PAPERS
We are now offering the most beautiful and comprehensive collection of English, French, German and American Wall Papers ever shown. They have been selected with an eye to their artistic merit, and will appeal both for beauty and practicability.
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Estimates submitted for decorating in all its branches.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

We believe that it is not sufficient for a restaurant to provide good food.
Pleasant surroundings play an important part in the enjoyment of a meal. The ST. CHARLES combines these two features in a way which insures complete satisfaction.
The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

"THE SAVOY"
YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS
Candy Department—See our Easter Novelties while the list is complete.
Soda Fountains—Delicious Ice Creams, Sodas, Frappes, Parfaits and Ices.
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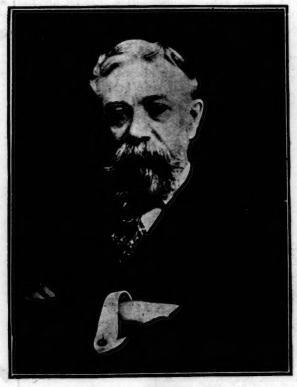
THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, March 24.

MR. S. H. C. MINER naturally comes into one's thoughts every time something new occurs in Canadian Consolidated Rubber—and that has been pretty often, of late. He is a little man—not very little but fairly little—and his eyes used to snap as he discussed things the memory of which make him so mad that he fairly sizzles. Now, it *is* strange how one remembers things like this when he forgets those of more importance. Mr. Miner, it may be said, has been in the rubber business all his life and has been a success. No one who knows him, either, will ever forget the difficulties he surmounted in connection with the copper mining and smelting industry which later became the Granby Consolidated—out in British Columbia—and how he poured out money, and triumphed, when defeat stared the whole industry in the face and the failure of mines was making rich men poor day after day and the banks wouldn't lend another cent on a million of scrip. Recollections of these things, of course, live long after the temporary gusts of passion have been forgiven or forgotten, but somehow they aren't half so interesting.

History of Deal.—A few years ago, it was announced that Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon had been made president of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, vice Mr. S. H. C. Miner, retired—as they say in military orders. Later on it was announced that Mr. Miner was about to begin the construction of a new rubber plant, at Granby, in opposition to the Consolidated plant. It was also announced that the control of the common stock of the latter company had gone to United States interests—probably some people connected with the combine, over there. Now, just what took place in connection with the Canadian Consolidated, between D. Lorne and S. H. C., would be difficult to say. It seems to make a tremendous difference who tells the story. Of one thing, however, there can be no manner of doubt whatever, and that is that just around that time there was one man who was disliked and his name was D. Lorne McGibbon, and the man who didn't like him was brother Miner. What would have happened had they two been locked up in a room in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match is hard to say; perhaps there wouldn't have been much wrestling but a connoisseur on "langwidge" might have found it a profitable half hour. Where, or in what manner, D. Lorne McGibbon "got" S. H. C. Miner, deponent saith not. It seems pretty certain, however, that the ideas of the latter, concerning the extent of the bond and preferred stock issues, were not nearly so "large" as those of the former—not, perhaps, by some $400,000 of one and some $1,000,000 of the other. And, whereas, the first president of the consolidation was a powerful good reasoner those days; and, whereas, he was entitled to a certain proportion of the securities of the new concern; and, whereas, he, incidentally, desired that these securities be very secure, it is said that his counsels prevailed. Assuming that this was the situation, we would find the first president in possession of securities of excellent financial but poor strategical value. Whether voting power had anything whatever to do with the change in name opposite the word "president" which took place later, and whether that change was the occasion of joys or sorrows, none may say save those who know. It has been said that the first president, previous to the meeting, had announced his intention of retiring; but, unless the signs fail, he did not put it in his will that he desired to see D. L. McG. succeed him. Alas, what changes in the destinies of the human race may be effected by a majority of common stock.



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN
Mr. Meighen is president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, a director of the Montreal Street Railway and interested in numerous other large enterprises.

⁂

Stock is Pooled.

In the announcements which were made regarding the formation of a pool in the common stock of the Consolidated Company, somewhere around June, 1907, the name of Mr. Miner does not appear as an interested party. That of Mr. McGibbon, however, as well as those of George W. Stephens, Shirley Ogilvie, Alex. Pringle and H. J. Fuller do. We find that the pool was in some way associated with U. S. Rubber Company interests and that some sort of two-year arrangement was supposed to have been executed. It was reported that a big profit was in store for the Canadian end of the deal, and it was said, privately, that it was expected to turn over at $75 per share the stock which had been taken in at $40. However, the stock had yet to be marketed, and, in this connection, Mr. Miner presently handed out a nice little surprise. He announced his determination to commence the erection of a building for the manufacture of rubber, at Granby, where power was cheap and where he could turn out the goods at a low price in order to offer a healthy opposition to the Consolidated Company. How serious he was, no one seemed to know; but it can easily be imagined how folks fell all over themselves trying to get a few shares of Rubber common for some time thereafter. Here was the Consolidated Company turning over, say, 6,000,000 pairs of rubbers per year, and Miner getting after them with a factory which would turn out, say, one-third that quantity. And it didn't take a great deal to scare people those days either. At the best, things were going badly and the banks made a rule that, as a preliminary to all negotiations would-be borrowers must remove their boots before entering the Holy-of-Holies and prostrate themselves before the High Priest who carried the combination to the vault door. Under the circumstances, anyone may enter the guessing competition as to what the new factory announcement had to do with the fact that Rubber common went dead for a season.

⁂

The Stock Profits.

A few months ago the common stock pool began getting its innings. The price of that stock had in the meantime declined to below the figure mentioned as cost to the pool, and was purchaseable around $30 per share. From this, it lifted with huge jumps, and in almost no time it had doubled. Then it made 70, from which it has sagged back about five points. It is now being held there by a dividend of 1 per cent. per quarter, and is shortly to be listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Preferred stock—carrying 7 per cent.—hummed up at the same time from 85 to 110, and sagged off about five points, while bonds enjoyed similar experiences. The carnage in preferred and bonds on the way up was frightful. Blocks of them came out from somewhere and were taken somewhere. Someone said S. H. C. Miner was the seller; that good scholar goes up head. The question which naturally follows, is why brother Miner—who has bushels of money—sold those securities, and what about his new factory?

⁂

TORONTO, MARCH 25.

THERE seems to be a feeling that a movement is contemplated on the part of some large bank shareholders and capitalists to have the double-liability clause of Canadian bank stocks expunged from the Banking Act. Such a thing is suggested by Prof. R. E. MacNaughten in a recent number of the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association. The double-liability of shareholders is the bulwark of Canadian and Scottish banking, which has been exemplified on many occasions. If it had not been for the double-liability, the passing of the Ontario and Sovereign Banks would have caused panic and depression. As it was, general trade and commerce was undisturbed by these suspensions, and the depositors were paid in full. Take away the double liability and see how fast the deposits of our banks would be reduced. One reason given for the single liability is that the public would take up freely an unlimited amount of such stock offering, and another is that large corporations would avail themselves of investing largely in our banks. It is hardly doubted that in prosperous times, such conditions might prevail, but how would matters stand in the dull and uncertain years? Canadian banks just now have deposits of nearly $700,000,000, while their fully paid-up capital is only $96,160,000. There is no complaint as to a lack of banking capital at the present time, and no sane man can believe that deposits would be anywhere as large as they are unless it was the double-liability of shareholders. It is this extra guarantee that gives confidence to the public, and without confidence there could be no banking. The great business operations of our banks are carried on mainly by the moneys obtained from the public in the shape of deposits. The future development of the country, which will be immense, must entail a larger capital on the part of banks, but the greater part of capital necessary will be derived from the increased profits of trade and industry, and the public will supply it if confidence is unbroken.

⁂

Double Liability Did the Trick.

The guarantee of the associated banks would never have been given the depositors of the Ontario Bank had not the double-liability of shareholders been attached. Many large holders of this stock are now putting up a fight against the payment of a proportion of the double-liability called for. It involves a technicalty on the methods adopted for the transfer of the liabilities of the Ontario to the Bank of Montreal. The hasty manner in which the transfer was accomplished was due to the concerted action of all the banks. Had the Ontario Bank been left to shift for itself, there might have been a temporary disturbance, but as far as the public was concerned—the note-holders and depositors—would have been paid in full. In the case of the Sovereign Bank, some of our bankers were averse to giving their support. They perhaps represented the institutions strongest in cash assets. It was a trying time, brought about by the United States panic, but it was the double-liability of shareholders that saved the situation.

⁂

Our Banks.

The statement of our banks at the close of February does not indicate any revival of the industries, although some improvement in speculation is shown by the larger loans on securities. The increase in bank note circulation is of course encouraging, but the notes outstanding is still smaller than a year ago and even two years ago. Deposits reach the sum of nearly $700,000,000, which is a new high record.

⁂

Foreign Loans Huge.

The inducements for the profitable employment of money seem to be greatest outside the country, for whilst loans and discounts combined in Canada were $750,000 less in February than in January, the foreign loans and discounts of Canadian banks increased over $13,000,000, although foreign deposits only increased $8,750,000. The foreign call loans made by Canadian banks now make the huge amount of $101,443,000, by far the greatest sum in the history of Canadian banking. They are over $54,000,000 more than a year ago, while domestic call loans are

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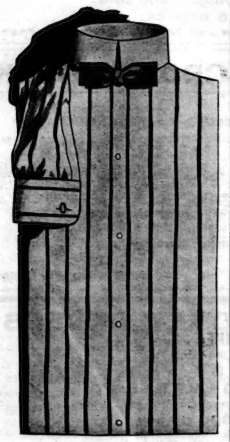

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only $3,700,000 in excess of what they were twelve months ago. Current discounts in Canada actually decreased $4,000,000 last week. This was unexpected, as it was generally believed that a turn in the trade movement had commenced. On the other hand, our foreign business loans increased $4,500,000.

On total deposits of $699,691,000 the loans and discounts at the present time are $691,402,000. This is not such a very conservative comparison, but bankers no doubt will shield themselves by stating that a larger proportion than ever of their assets is held outside the country in the form of liquid reserves. The total loans and discounts, $691,402,000, compare with $653,558,000 a year ago, and $706,583,000 two years ago. But taking the purely Canadian business, there is a more conservative showing, with the liquidation of accounts quite marked. On Canadian deposits of $634,358,000 at the end of last month, the loans and discounts here were $555,000,000, a difference in favor of deposits of about $80,000,000. A year ago deposits were only $537,705,000, whereas loans and discounts were $585,030,000. Two years ago there was a similar condition, with loans and discounts exceeding deposits by over $42,000,000. That $101,000,000 should be lent by our banks on call outside Canada and $35,000,000 on foreign commercial business, proves conclusively that the supply of money at home cannot be profitably used. Yet the rates here are higher than in New York, the chief "call" loan market.

***

Money and Stocks.

There is little authority for the statement that domestic rates for money are firmer. The fact that banks hold such large amounts in cash and investments, while general trade is slow, is rather an indication that money rates will continue low. The general impression is that money will not stiffen materially until there is a decided improvement in business. The cash and immediately available funds of Canadian banks are equal to 45 per cent of the total liabilities of these institutions. The common rate on call is 4 per cent. on gilt-edged collateral. The easy money market has not as yet been reflected in stock speculation, although it has to a large extent been responsible for the activity and strength of bonds. It is not improbable that an upward movement in stocks will be engineered if conditions remain favorable. It may come when crops give promise of an abundant yield, and possibly before that time. Bonds are now up to prices which yield only 3¾ to 4 per cent. There are greater possibilities in stocks, and the chances will increase when trade conditions improve, of which there is every indication.

The Horse King Edward gave the Sultan.

IN the stable at Buckingham Palace a privileged few have witnessed the training of a valuable horse that King Edward has just sent to the Sultan of Turkey. The history of the gift sounds like an Arabian Nights tale up to date.

Some time ago the Sultan was asked by some of his high officials to proceed sometimes to the Selamlik (the weekly Friday visit to the mosque) on horseback instead of in his carriage in order that his subjects might enjoy a better view of him. The Sultan hesitated a few moments, then said with a smile:

"Yes, if a bay horse can be found with three white spots on his feet, one on each hind foot and one on a forefoot, a white spot between the eyes and a tail reaching to the ground."

Naturally the officials gave up their case as lost, but this answer was whispered among the diplomatists in Constantinople and each envoy telegraphed to his Government suggesting the possibility of a national compliment.

King Edward on hearing of it (so The New York Sun's London correspondent tells us) despatched sixty telegrams throughout the United Kingdom inquiring at all the famous stables if such a horse were procurable. An animal answering the description in every respect was found in Dublin in the possession of Lord Ribblesdale, who had procured it from Richard Croker. It is a beautiful animal, a first prize winner at the last horse show and a fitting gift for an Eastern potentate.

The necessary formalities passed between the British Ambassador in Constantinople and the Turkish Ambassador in London, and the horse was sent to Constantinople. As his destined master will mount him amid the sound of martial music, the shouts of his people and scenes of Oriental glitter and display, the animal was accustomed to surprises and disquieting sounds, so that no untoward accident will mar the Sultan's first visit to the mosque on horseback.

Groups of school children were made to rush about in the vicinity of the horse, shouting and playing and waving banners. Drums were rolled, the big drum beaten and trumpet calls blown. Indeed every kind of noise was made so that when the charger reached the Eastern city, if his nerves were not shattered and his disposition ruined in the meantime, he may carry his imperial master with unruffled dignity and imperturbability through the acclaiming crowds.

King Edward has given the horse his own title, Rex Imperator.

A Man of Memories.

PROBABLY no living person has had more intimate personal association with crowned heads than M. Paoli, who at the age of 74 is retiring from active service. For forty years his duty has been to insure the safety of imperial and royal visitors on French soil.

M. Paoli (notes the London correspondent of The New York Sun) has travelled with nearly every Prince and potentate of Europe, meeting them at the frontier when they passed into France and leaving them only at the frontier again when they left. He has decorations from almost every country, and his collection of scarfpins, signet rings and watches from different sovereigns is unique.

He was a familiar figure to Queen Victoria while France was yet an empire. The late Queen thought a great deal of him, and after the creation of the Victorian Order, she bestowed on him personally the first patent. She liked to chat with him during her journeys in France, and never left without sending him some remembrance.

M. Paoli's official designation was "Special Commissary detached from the General Department of Safety," but King Leopold of Belgium once bestowed on him the title of "Protector of Kings," and it stuck to him. When the boy Sipido fired at King Edward, then Prince of Wales, in the Nord railway station at Brussels without touching him, the Prince said with a smile: "Ah, if Paoli had been here that pistol would never have gone off. The boy would have been caught before he had had time to use it." The young King of Spain, who is exceptionally averse to being shadowed, has been known to refer to him as the most tolerable of any living detective.

M. Paoli has escorted exotic as well as European potentates, for instance the King of Siam, who when Paoli was presented to him as the official who was to watch over his safety looked aghast at the spare little old gentleman in a frock coat and exclaimed: "Where are your weapons?" He had probably expected to see a giant armed to the teeth.

Once M. Paoli presented an ancient Greek lachrymatory or tear bottle to the unhappy Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

"Your Majesty," he said, "will keep it for your tears of joy."

"Alas!" she replied, "in that case it will always remain empty; but for my tears of sorrow it is too small."

Paoli was a great favorite with the Empress Eugenie, who had him sometimes to dine with her. He knows many secrets concerning the royal houses of Europe, but his lips have hitherto been sealed by the protocol. His memoirs, which he is busy writing, should give very interesting reading.

Stories of The Earl of Durham.

THE Earl of Durham, the new Knight of the Garter, is noted for his gift of humor, and some time ago (so M.A.P. tells us) he made an amusing speech in which he said that he was not greatly impressed by his high title. "If I go to a railway station," he remarked, "and want to take a cab, and one man offers to take me for 10s., and another says: 'My lord, I'll take you for 7s. 6d.' I always accept the title and the 7s. 6d."

As a boy, Lord Durham was very fond of practical joking, and on one occasion—so the story goes—he was the means of greatly frightening his mother. When the Earl was quite a lad he and his twin brother were taken to the seaside, and one day permission was given to the boys to paddle. No sooner was he beyond the reach of his mother's arm than the future Earl rushed out into the waves until the water reached to his shoulders.

"Now, mother," he cried, "if you want me ever to come out you must come and fetch me."

The Countess was much frightened until a brawn workman arrived on the scene.

"Want that there boy, mum?" he asked, taking in the situation, and having received an affirmative answer, he waded into the sea and brought the indignant little gentleman safely to the shore.

The Woman Question.

ELLIS O. JONES, in Life, discourses lightly upon a weighty problem, as follows:

The woman question is assuming enormous proportions. It is becoming fair, fat and forty, and no question at such a period, can be ignored.

Nor is the question as simple as it seems at first sight. It can neither be crushed by a contemptuous cuff nor proved by platitudinous plaudits.

But, after all, the whole question lies with the women themselves. We have been telling them all along that they could have anything they wanted and we meant it. The truth of the matter is that women do not want the suffrage. To be sure, some of them want it; yea, bad enough to make speeches about it, just as some men are foolish enough to want to give it to them before they are ready. But most women, either subconsciously or otherwise, see that they cannot get the suffrage without giving up something which they now have and which they now like. The suffrage is not free like salvation.

Just now women, by the grace of men, are petted, pampered, posied, perfumed and plumed, and they like it. But just as soon as they go in for votes, vim, vigor and vitality, which mean economic independence, their prerogatives as privileged pets are likely to disappear. Of course, all this discussion may be directly in line with rational evolutionary progress, inuring to the ultimate benefit of both men and women. But the present fact is that women are not ready to forego the joys in hand and fly to others of which they know not.

Joseph Martin, late of Vancouver, now of London, passed through Toronto a few days ago, stopping long enough to give the members of the Canadian Club the benefit of his presence for a brief half hour.

The ex-Premier of British Columbia is leaving his Canadian home for England, for it is his intention to take up the practice of law in the British capital. We are both sorry and glad. Glad that Canada will have so able and so outspoken a representative on the Tight Little Isle, and sorry that Canada is obliged to part with one of its hard headed citizens.

Strenuous is an overworked word, but it well describes Joe Martin. He believes what he believes, and greatly to his credit he doesn't care a brass farthing whether any one else believes it or not. Therefore Mr. Martin, as politicians go, is a very poor representative of the breed. Joe Martin stands on his own feet, and therefore often treads on the other man's corns.

We take off our hat to Joe Martin.

We wish him God speed, much luck and long life.

Another triumph for the British navy has just been recorded in the official Admiralty returns of the result of the test of gunlayers with heavy guns during last year; of battle practice from torpedo destroyers, and of gunlayers with light quick-firing guns. The figures show the unequalled shooting efficiency of the fleet, and in each case surpass all previous averages. Every year the all-round shooting of the navy has improved, but never has it reached so high a level as at present. In 1907 the percentage of hits was 42.70, and in 1908 it was 53.57.

An American Congressman, Representative Landis, of Indiana, wants a summer White House constructed for the President of the United States. He has introduced a bill to appropriate $250,000 to erect within the United States military reservation at West Point, New York, a suitable building as an official summer residence and executive office. The building is to be designated "the Country White House."

Some years ago, a wealthy American syndicate desired to purchase The New York Herald, and despatched the following cable to Mr. Gordon Bennett: "Please wire best price for which you will sell New York Herald." Mr. Bennett's reply was characteristic. He cabled back as follows: "Daily, three cents; Sunday, five cents. J. Gordon Bennett."

Harold Cox, member of Parliament, speaking before the Authors' Club in London recently, propounded this pithy question, probably inspired by the paternal legislation now growing in favor in England: "If everybody learns to lean upon the State, upon whom is the State to lean?"

It must, remarks Life, have been a converted sport who found it "easy going to be a Christian among sports, but terrible tryin' to be a Christian among Christians."

NATURAL LAXATIVE
Hunyadi János
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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, March 23, 1909.

THE Governor's direct nominations bill, outlined in these columns a few weeks ago, was submitted to the two branches of the Legislature this week, and in accordance with all expectations has the politicians of both parties by the ears. The opposition has apparently perfected its plan of resistance and from now on the fight promises to be bitter and in the open. It is even proposed in some quarters to tie this bill to the new city charter and cast both into a sea of oblivion. Both measures are a source of irritation to the political boss, because both are aimed squarely at his dominance in political affairs.

* * *

MEMORIAL exercises, to the late Grover Cleveland, and the Yale celebration of the election of "Bill" Taft, '78, were the occasion of the President's first visit to New York since his inauguration. The Cleveland memorial took the form of a public gathering in Carnegie Hall—the day selected being the late President's seventy-second birthday. Party lines were obliterated for the time. President Taft, Governor Hughes, Chief Justice Fuller, and the Mayor joining to do honor to the distinguished Democrat. The President's eulogy was a remarkable tribute to Cleveland, whom he thought as completely American in his character as Lincoln. "Without a college education . . . . his vision of government and society was not broadened by foreign travel . . . He was a pure product of the village and town life of the Middle States, affected by New England ancestry and the atmosphere of a clergyman's home. His chief characteristics were simplicity and directness of thought, sturdy honesty, courage of his convictions, and plainness of speech, with a sense of public duty that has been exceeded by no statesman within my knowledge."

The speech was throughout an interesting study in retrospect of both Cleveland administrations and its laudatory character is an interesting revelation of the changes the past few years have wrought in party alignments.

* * *

THE Yale celebration, which took the form of a banquet, was a very natural and quite pardonable ebullition of college sentiment over the election of its first President. Heretofore, while its great rival, Harvard, could boast three Presidents to its credit, Yale could claim none. Taft, therefore, represents 203 years of Yale effort, or Yale travail as someone put it, and they were met for the christening. Naturally, too, while modestly admitting that it had good timber to work upon, Yale was disposed to credit much of the success of President Taft's career to the early training he received at its hands. A good deal of the speech-making was accordingly devoted to the brand of ideals which, it seems, Yale has invariably sought to impress upon its youth. "Three things," President Hadley reminded those present, "Yale helped to make William Howard Taft—a man, a straightforward man and a man of high intellectual ideals." Yale also found in the President's recent terse, 300-word message to Congress "the best advertisement the department of English composition at Yale ever had." Yale, it seems, again, never did encourage unnecessary verbosity—which, under the circumstances, is rather rubbing it into Harvard and our old friend, Mr. Roosevelt, is it not?

The banquet was held in the large ballroom of the Waldorf, with the decorations and staging on a scale of imposing lavishness. The chief feature of the staging was a scenic reproduction of the "Old Brick Row" and the old spreading Yale elms, just as they appeared in Taft's college days. This formed the background of the guests' table, while in front an old rail fence had been erected, such as the President presumably sat on and carved his W. H. T. a long time ago.

* * *

THE counter attraction of a Presidential visit has given Mr. Roosevelt an opportunity to pack his African kit in comparative quiet. The only recorded invasion of that quiet was the farewell call of his country neighbors. These to the number of two hundred came in a body, led by a brass band. The inevitable speech of thanks that rewarded the villagers' demonstration was lifted out of the ordinary by an illuminating sentence or two, which, read in the light of the context, must be regarded in the nature of a self-explanatory utterance. "The qualities required," his hearers were told, "whether of a decent public servant or a soldier are not remarkable. Of such men it is demanded merely that they possess commonplace qualities in a rather unusual degree." Reams have been written on Theodore Roosevelt, but it remained for the not invariably epigrammatic ex-President to sum himself up in a phrase. "Commonplace qualities in an unusual degree." So much for his first week's lesson in journalism, we may assume.

* * *

A NOVEL motion, involving the legal recognition of "Spiritualism" by the courts, has been made in one of the Long Island courts here. A medium whose marital adventures have already been ventilated in public, persuaded an aged and feeble-minded husband to deed her some property on the strength of a "message" from his first wife. An indictment for grand larceny was brought, and this the medium, through counsel, asks the court to dismiss on the ground that the Grand Jury could not reach the conclusion that spiritualism was "a sham and pretense." "Who is to prove," he asks, "that the medium did not receive messages from the dead?" "That the human spirit survives the dissolution of the body and returns under certain circumstances and can communicate with men on the earth has been a belief of all ages," the argument continued.

With "brain storms" and "emotional insanity" theories to condone murder and messages from the dead as a defense in grand larceny proceedings, the law on this side at least, is gradually losing some of its terrors.

* * *

A BEAUTIFUL little lot of twenty-three pictures, the collection of Mr. James A. Garland, was sold at auction this week, bringing the remarkable sum of $81,975. The highest single bid was $15,900 for a Corot, "Le Patre." Daubigny's "Morning on the Marne" brought $14,000; a small Millet, "The Shepherdess," $11,300; Rosseau's "La Ferme," $11,700, and a Dupre landscape, $9,000.

* * *

THE Lenten season, if it is not furnishing a great theatrical repast, is at least providing some distinct theatrical novelties. Last week, for instance, we had produced a suffragette play, "Votes for Women," and this week we have no less a novelty than, "An Englishman's Home," which, as you know, is the piece that succeeded in stirring England to a pitch of positive excitement over the condition of her military defenses. Whether it will have as effective an appeal before American audiences remains to be seen. The promising feature of the production is the presence of that sterling actor, Mr. William Hawtrey, in the central role.

J. E. W.

Montreal's Venerable Canon.

THE celebration by Rev. Canon Ellegood, of Montreal, of his 85th birthday, must have been a source of gratification to all the many friends of that venerable gentleman, who is both a vigilant apostle of the Church and, old though he is, still a devoted disciple of old Isaak Walton and an enthusiastic golfer. Quite a common sight is that of the Canon going over the course at Dixie in a time which puts many a youngster to the blush. And he invariably spends his summers in the pursuit of the frolicsome salmon or the wily trout. Probably no Montrealer has a better knowledge of the Maritime Provinces than has Canon Ellegood, and he never fails to impress upon his Montreal friends the much needed lesson that there is no necessity to go out of Canada for recreation at any time of the year.

REV. CANON ELLEGOOD.

But the Canon has some peculiarities. He is a vegetarian, and although not a teetotaler, he is one of those Anglicans who believe that drink is the cause of most evils. He makes it a rule never to have any liquor in his house, except, as in following the example of St. Paul, to keep a little alcohol ready to meet any stomach complaint. A few years ago a Montreal reporter went to see the old gentleman in regard to some parish business and had an interesting interview. At its conclusion the following colloquy took place:

"Do you ever take anything?

The scribe, like most newspaper men, answered in the affirmative, and then the Canon said:

"What will you have—an orange or an apple?"

The King's Relics of Charles I.

AN interesting story of King Edward and the relics of Charles I. was told by the Rev. Dr. Sheppard, Canon of Windsor, in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution on the execution of King Charles and his burial in the grave of Henry VIII. in the Chapel of St. George at Windsor.

The lecturer recorded how in 1813 the Prince Regent caused the vaults in St. George's Chapel to be opened and the remains of King Charles definitely identified. Henry Halford, physician to King George III., became possessed of every relic of the deceased monarch, and these ultimately came into the possession of the present King while Prince of Wales.

On December 13, 1888, the Prince of Wales, with the permission of Queen Victoria, openly restored these relics to the vault. They included a tooth, a portion of Charles I.'s beard, and a portion of vertebræ.

These were enclosed in a cabinet, and an opening having been made in the roof of the vault, the Prince of Wales lowered the cabinet into the vault and placed it on the centre of King Charles I.'s coffin. Within the cabinet was the following autograph memorandum: "These relics of King Charles I. are deposited by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, in the vault containing the coffin of that King on December 13, 1888."

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the celebrated English artist, recently described in an address his experience in painting the portrait of Richard Wagner without a sitting. Wagner in 1877 was introducing his music to English audiences, and he permitted the young artist to be with him at his house, see him day by day, and watch him. When Wagner was asked when he intended to sit, he replied, "He sees me all the time." That went on for a month. Then the artist started one Friday on the portrait, worked at it all day at white heat, slept badly all night, and worked again all day Saturday. By the evening it was finished, and the next day he took the portrait, glazed and framed, to Wagner. Then came a change over the great musician. He was delighted.

A Lover of Fair Play.

Editor Saturday Night: Every lover of fair play must have read your leading article on the Kinrade case with the greatest of satisfaction; we have been regaled during this inquest (which you justly say is not a trial for murder) by the newspaper reports of one of the most brutal examinations ever witnessed in a Court of Justice, in which all the learning, eloquence, and strength of a master in his art have been pitted against a nervously constituted young woman compelled to endure for hours a cruel and pitiless examination unaided and alone. Supposing a petty quarrel could have been proved between the two sisters (what family is without them?) and some hasty and unconsidered remark had been made by the younger and overheard by an outsider what a fearful peril would Florence Kinrade have been in when the Crown Counsel cross-examined and twisted the evidence to suit his own theories.

Murder cases of this kind always find the authorities unprepared. Sherlock Holmes exists only in the pages of Conan Doyle, we have none in Canada then why not when human ingenuity falls apply to the brute creation. I believe if a couple of good thoroughly trained bloodhounds were kept at Police headquarters of some of our principal cities, and reasonable precautions taken not to disturb the vicinity of the crime many a criminal would be tracked down and thousands of dollars saved to the country in following up clues which exist only in the imaginations of our detectives and criminal lawyers.

HENRY A. ASHMEAD,

16 Belmont St., Toronto. March 22, 1909.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

TWO fine concerts in Massey Hall this week brought out big audiences. On Tuesday Madame Jomelli and Mr. Lissant Beardmore sang for the Choral Union, and Madame Jomelli captured all hearts on her first appearance in Toronto. She wore white satin, covered with embroidered chiffon and was presented with a handsome bouquet. Madame Jomelli is the typical singer in appearance, great shoulders and chest and her expression gives that impression of happy bonhommie which attracts friends. She has been singing at the Metropolitan Opera House, but I hear Hammerstein is trying to secure her on her return from Canada.

A most gratifying success in every way was the piano recital given by Miss Cornelia Heintzman in Conservatory Hall on Monday night. The place was packed, many having to stand. Miss Heintzman is an artist, no one who heard her on Monday night could doubt it. Beside playing grandly she has a very handsome and dashing stage presence and a pretty manner, the index to a thoroughly sweet and amiable nature. Though only in her year of debut, she has won affection and admiration from old and young, some of which was evidenced by the quantities of exquisite flowers sent to her at her triumph on Monday. Her musical talent deserves the most serious recognition and all lovers of music are delighted with her.

MISS CORNELIA HEINTZMAN.

The marriage of Miss Madeline Crossen, of Cobourg, niece of Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. James, and Mr. Louis E. Jordan, will take place on April 21 at Cobourg.

Mr. and Mrs. Crossen, of Cobourg, were in town this week en route to Brampton for their niece's wedding on Wednesday, to which a special train took quite a large party of relatives of the bride, Miss Burns, and of the groom, Mr. Randolph Macdonald.

Mrs. Mabee has been in Montreal and Ottawa this week, but is expected home to-day.

Mr. Byron E. Walker will give a short address at the Canadian Art Club on Monday night at the opening of Mr. Edmund Morris' exhibition.

Next Tuesday about one hundred of Mrs. M. E. Dignam's pictures will be sold at Henderson's Art gallery, 87 King East, at half past two. The pictures are now on view.

The President of L'Alliance Francaise begs to remind the members that they have the privilege of inviting their friends to see the presentation of the two French comedies on March 27 at St. Margaret's College.

Two more recitals by Mr. Wheeldon at the Metropolitan Church will close the series which has given so much pleasure to lovers of organ music. As the days lengthen and the weather improves the "out-doors' claims the late afternoon hours of many who have found the four-to-five quiet hour in the dim-lit church a very great boon and pleasure. This afternoon Mr. Wheeldon has a fine programme.

On Wednesday afternoon, despite the very bad weather a large number of the members of the Woman's Canadian Club filled the Conservatory Hall to hear Mr. Harold Gorst tell "What the King can do." The audience listened for an hour to a bright interesting and beautifully lucid talk on kingly power, republican autocracy, ways and modes of business in the British parliament, many personal touches being visible that gave great added value to the lecture. At its close a vote of thanks was proposed by Mrs. William Boultbee in a remarkably neat and concise speech and Miss Hill seconded the motion. Lady Moss, President of the club, took the chair and introduced the clever lecturer, who has been for some months studying conditions in the States.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Prince gave a bridge luncheon to a few friends who found her hospitality so pleasant as to make them forget the very horrid weather prevailing outside.

On Tuesday evening a very happy party of friends dined with Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, at Fallingbrook, to celebrate the birthday of the Master of the house.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Victor Cawthra had a few old friends for tea, to say goodbye, as she and her mother, Mrs. Arthurs, leave on Tuesday for the Continent and will spend Easter in Paris. Mrs. Arthurs intends remaining abroad for three years, I understand, and her daughter for a year. Mr. Cawthra will probably go over and join his wife in the autumn.

Madame Jomelli visited Miss Ethel Sheppard's studio during her stay in Toronto to hear one of her pupils sing, and expressed herself as charmed with Miss Sheppard's clever pupil, and very much pleased with the method so successfully employed by the teacher. The Diva seems to have won all hearts as much by her manner and pleased interest as by her beautiful voice. By the way, at Miss Heintzman's recital on Monday, Mrs. Proctor (Florence Kemp) was not able to sing on account of a severe cold, and Miss Kathleen Howard, a very enthusiastic pupil of the same teacher as Mrs. Proctor (Miss Sheppard), took her place. Miss Howard had double recalls and a real success.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. Percy Maining and Mr. Clarence Bogert sailed for Europe last week. They intend spending Easter in Seville and will tour in Spain.

Among the guests at Mrs. Victor Cawthra's farewell tea on Wednesday were Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Calderwood, Miss Brouse, Miss Merritt, Mrs. and Miss Austin and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt.

The marriage of Mrs. Manley, widow of the late Major Manley, R.G., and Mr. Charles Stanford Douglas, Mayor of Vancouver, took place in St. Augustine's church on Wednesday afternoon at four, the Rector, Rev. F. G. Plummer, assisted by Rev. Harold McCausland, officiating. The bride wore a travelling suit of Eminence cloth, and a jetted togue, and carried a white prayer-book. Professor Baker, of Toronto University, brought her in and gave her away. The witnesses of the marriage were the relatives of the bride and groom, and the ceremony was brightened by some bridal music from Dr. Torrington. After the marriage Mrs. James Sinclair, 48 Roxboro street west, gave a reception to the small company, who wished Mr. and Mrs. Douglas a safe and happy journey and a long life in the West. The bride received some handsome gifts. The bridegroom gave her a diamond bracelet and ring, and a saddle horse. Mrs. Douglas has many good friends in Toronto who send her best wishes. During his few days visit in Toronto, Mr. Douglas was entertained and voted a "jolly good fellow" by all who met him.

A wedding which interested many Torontonians on Wednesday was that of Mr. W. R. Macdonald, son of Mr. Randolph Macdonald, of Rusholme Road, and Miss Eileen Margaret Burns, eldest daughter of Rev. R. N. Burns, pastor of St. Paul's church, Brampton, where the ceremony took place. Decorations of daffodils and Easter lilies spanned the aisles and banked the altar, the effect being beautiful and striking, a symphony in white and gold. Rev. R. N. Burns brought in his daughter and gave her away, and her grandfather Rev. William Burns, of Toronto, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a very handsome robe of white lace, tulle veil and crown of orange blossoms and white heather. Her bouquet was a shower of lily of the valley and ferns. Miss Crossen, of Cobourg, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor, in a daffodil satin gown, white and gold hat, and carrying a muff formed of violets. The bridesmaids were the sisters of the bride, the Misses Hilda and Elinore Burns, who wore white crepe dresses, poke bonnets trimmed with daffodils, and carried muffs formed of daffodils. Mr. Alexander Smith, of Toronto, was best man, and Mr. Fred Macdonald, of Toronto, and Mr. Lyle Crossen, of Cobourg, were ushers. Mrs. Mackelcan sang very beautifully while the bridal party were in the vestry, signing the register. A reception was held at Burn Brae, the residence of the bride's father and the very handsome wedding gifts were duly admired. After the dejeuner Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald left for a honeymoon in Bermuda.

After the concert on Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Lissant Beardmore entertained Madame Jomelli at supper at their home in Rosedale.

Mrs. Fisk is up from Montreal on a visit to her brother at Chudleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Hees have postponed their visit to Atlantic City until next Wednesday, owing to the indisposition of their daughter, Mrs. Haas, who is going with them for a little holiday. Mrs. Alan Sullivan is also to accompany her parents to the seaside next week.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock entertained some young friends at luncheon yesterday.

The second of the Parliamentary dinners was given at Government House on Tuesday evening, when the following gentlemen were invited: Hon. Mr. Justice Clute, Hon. Mr. Justice Hodgins, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Mr. George Dickson, Mr. H. W. Auden, Upper Canada College; Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, St. Andrew's College; Rev. T. Crawford Brown, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. C. C. James, Mr. A. F. Rutter, Mr. Peter Ryan, Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, Mr. J. Howard Hunter, K.C.; Dr. Charles O'Reilly, Major J. F. Macdonald, and the following members of the Legislature: Mr. W. H. Hoyle, Dr. T. S. T. Smellie, Mr. W. A. Preston, Mr. J. H. Carnegie, Lieut-Col. Hugh Clark, Mr. T. E. Bradburn, Mr. C. R. McKeown, Mr. J. H. Devitt, Mr. J. R. Dargavel, Mr. T. R. Mayberry, Mr. A. B. Thompson, Mr. G. W. Sulman, Mr. F. G. Macdiarmid, Dr. H. C. Lackner, Mr. W. F. Nickle, Mr. G. Pattinson, Mr. C. M. Bowman, Mr. J. C. Elliott, Mr. J. Galna, Mr. A. McCowan, Mr. A. Grigg, Mr. J. Calder.

The testimonial to Mrs. Neville, formerly of Rolleston House, from her old pupils, is growing to satisfactory proportions since the notice of its inception in January, which was inserted in this column. Mrs. Neville is now living in Leamington, England. The girls to whom she was so true and kind a teacher and friend will have the pleasure of helping to make her declining years more comfortable. Any further subscriptions may be sent as soon as possible to Mrs. Stewart, 55 Brunswick avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi have taken a summer cottage in Paradise Park on the Niagara River. After their marriage, Mr. Warren and his bride (Marjorie Arnoldi) will occupy the Arnoldi residence in North street during the summer.

BRAIDING
This extreme novelty will be a big feature in tailored costumes and linen dresses. It will appear in bands, blouse fronts, nett yokes and sleeves, skirt trimmings as well as overdress and panel effects.
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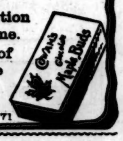

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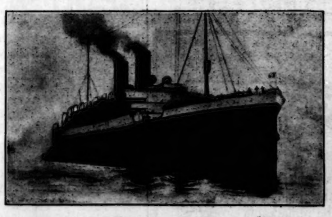

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

PATRIOTISM, what crimes are committed in thy name! and to what tears and laughter has Angel of Truth been moved in country by printed praise of lities in verse and prose be- they appeared in cloth bind- and postured as Canadian liter- ! The old habit of exercising ence regarding the native lit- product—together with a pre- ure touch of spring-time lassi- prevents the present reviewer saying all he would like to say ning a novel entitled, "Child stiny," by a Canadian writer, e name it may be as well not to tion. The book is published by liam Briggs, Toronto, and the re- es of a first-class publishing se have been exerted to make it unusually attractive volume. As the story:

Arthur Gravenor, a young multi-millionaire lumber-mill owner, lives town which has grown up as the result of his father's enterprise. The extent of its growth is not quite clear. It has a cathedral, theatres, parks where bands play and throngs assemble; for these things are mentioned. Yet the servants of the "magnificent home of the Gravenors" gossip "at Meekin's grocery." And when Arthur, who is twenty-eight and ought to know better, starts to pine away and when he receives right at his home a letter from a woman, his high-minded sister and the housekeeper at once see through the mystery and know it has come from "Mazie Rawlins, the poor widow's daughter on Shelbourne avenue." To make doubly sure the high-minded sister picks up the letter where her brother has thrown it—making a poor shot for the coal grate—and reads it. She tracks him to Mazie's and listens under the latter's parlor window. Then let us quote snatches of the author's brilliant dialogue:

"Good evening, Mazie," said Arthur, with brevity.

"Miss Rawlins, if you please, sir," interrupted Mazie indignantly.

"Good evening, Miss Rawlins, then"—and Arthur bowed gallantly.

Mazie . . . . raised her flashing eyes to his and said: "Arthur Gravenor, who invited you here this evening?"

Arthur laughed a cold, sarcastic laugh which grated terribly on Mazie's ears.

. . . . . .

"Ah, those were cruel lines you wrote, Mazie. You know that my heart had always dreamed of possessing you. . . And now comes your strange letter. Oh, those were cruel, heartless words, Mazie."

"Perhaps they were, Mr. Gravenor."

"Oh, do not say Mr.! Call me Arthur—it hurts me. Oh, Mazie, Mazie."

"Mr. Gravenor, I love Lawrence Lescott. . . . . ."

She spoke in clear, decisive tones, and

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

The famous Jewish author who is in the limelight just now as the writer of a play which proposes amalgamation as the solution of the Jewish problem in America. Among his best known works are "Mantle of Elijah," "Children of the Ghe'to," and "The Grey Wig," the latter being a volume of short stories that includes the charming tale, "Merely Mary Ann," in the dramatized version of which Eleanor Robson found her most delightful role.

her words smote Gravenor's soul with subtle force.

For the next half hour Arthur pleaded strongly with the girl he loved, but Mazie met him each time with such an array of good, solid argument that even Muriel's heart went out to the woman in black.

. . . . . .

"You wi. suffer for this some day. Remember! remember!" he said viciously.

. . . . . .

"Remember, Miss Rawlins—remember!" he almost hissed a second time.

On the way out Arthur encountered his hated rival, a workman in his own mill, who came along swinging his dinner pail. "Nervously his hand sought the pistol in his pocket." But he really couldn't. Then poor Arthur went home,but not to sleep! Hark to the author's description of his plight:

Afar off, the lakes flashed like sheets of molten glass beneath the starlit heavens. Now and then a bird voice sounded in the surrounding trees. It was like the cry of a soul lost forever in impenetrable darkness. . . . . .

Then, in the most natural manner in the world, Mazie's beloved workman entered the mill ten minutes late one morning to find the multi-millionaire owner waiting at the door to personally give him the bounce. But Lawrence and Mazie married and sailed away to a distant port. Here the mill laborer joined the crew of "one of the largest vessels sailing the waters just then," and "in a very short time he was promoted to the position of captain." Realistic, isn't it! And it is not surprising that the ship one day struck a rock and "became utterly ruined."

Turning over the pages rapidly to discover the tragic denouement of the tale, one finds that, when the middle of the book has been passed, the story begins all over again with the second generation. So "Child of Destiny" had to be laid aside, with many of its remarkable pages unexplored. But more than enough of the author's methods have been revealed to furnish ambitious young writers with an example of how not to do it.

* * *

"The Bridge Builders," by Anna Chapin Ray, published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, is an interesting story of bridge-building and love-building. A pretty, irrepressible young American girl, Jessica West, daughter of a new-rich Arizonian, goes to Quebec with her parents just previous to the Quebec bridge disaster. Here she falls in with a compatriot, Kay Dorrance, a successful young novelist; with Willis Stone, a Quebec engineer, belonging to an old English family, who is unofficially but deeply interested in the building of the bridge; and with a designing cad of a Frenchman. The latter seeks to marry Jessica for her money; the other two, after they discover the fine womanhood beneath her crudities and flippancies, seek to win her heart. And the denouement is quite satisfactory to the reader.

In addition to being a well-conceived story, "The Bridge Builders" furnishes a really excellent picture of the formalities of modern social life in the ancient capital. Considerable skill is shown, too, in the handling of the characters and in the manner in which the different types are contrasted. The deepest human note struck by the author, however, is in the revealing of the pitiful little tragedy in the life of Jessica's mother—a small-souled, shrinking woman, who after years of toil finds herself no companion for her big, expansive husband in his prosperity, and bitterly jealous of her daughter, who is not only the apple of the husband's eye but his understanding friend.

Incidents leading up to the collapse of the bridge and the story of the catastrophe itself are told in such a way as to constitute serious charges of recklessness and disregard to warnings, on the part of those responsible for this tremendous attempted feat of engineering—charges that are startling if they claim to be authentic.

* * *

In a volume of 440 large pages, entitled "Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture," Dr. I. M. Haldeman sets forth a series of elaborate arguments against what he terms "one of the greatest religious perils of the day; full of folly and yet of wisdom; full of a simplicity akin to silliness and a subtlety that, at moments, appeals to reason; denying the Scripture and quoting it; a false system breathing the name of Christ." Dr. Haldeman has made a study of the propositions and teachings of Christian Science, and, quoting freely from "Miscellanies" and "Christian Science and Health," he places before the reader the fundamentals of the creed as relating to the most important phases of life and religion. He analyzes these and over against them places testimony from the Bible to disprove their philosophy.

Especially as it is claimed for the volume that it is a revelation, not a discussion, it may be as well not to enter here upon a discussion of the subject or of Dr. Haldeman's treatment of it. It is, perhaps, enough to say that the book has a certain value as a work of reference. It is published in Canada by the Toronto branch of the Fleming H. Revell Company.

* * *

"The Mind of Napoleon, as Revealed in His Thoughts, Speech, and Actions," is an interesting volume just published in England. Each chapter is devoted to giving Bonaparte's attitude on a separate subject, such as life, men, women, nations, politics, and religion. Here is one of his sayings—one of the kind that are of universal timeliness, as it were:

"The great orators who rule the assemblies by the brilliancy of their eloquence are in general men of the most mediocre political talents; they should not be opposed in their own way, for they have always more noisy words at command than you. Their eloquence should be opposed by a serious and logical argument. Their strength lies in vagueness; they should be brought back to the reality of facts; practical arguments destroy them. In the council there were men possessed of much more eloquence than I was; I always defeated them by this simple argument—two and two make four."

* * *

There is a good story told about the lady whose pen name of Frank Danby is already well-known to fiction-lovers, and whose new novel the Macmillan Company is to bring out this spring. Frank Danby dreads the interviewer. Recently an indefatigable journalist pursued and pushed her into a corner of the room, demanding anxiously:

"When do you do your writing?"

She answered at once:

"When I cannot get a fourth for Bridge."

Frank Danby's objection to being interviewed dates from the time when she was described as possessing "The heart of a child, the brains of a man, and the face of a boy."

* * *

Mr. George H. Locke, the recently-appointed chief librarian of the Toronto Public Library, is not a man who is content to sit in dreamy seclusion in the big new building on College street, mildly hoping for an increase in the number of discriminating book-lovers. Mr. Locke seems to be busy trying to make the library useful, convenient, and inviting to the average citizen. An indication of this is found in a letter he sends to SATURDAY NIGHT to the effect that, in view of the fact that many people are now planning to plant gardens, he has made a list of one hundred of the best books on gardening in the library. For two weeks these works will be sent to the College street branch reading room, then for two weeks to the Yorkville avenue branch, and then returned to the reference reading room at the central library. This will make the books available for consultation for six weeks and in three sections of the city.

* * *

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, announce for early publication the memoirs of General Kuropatkin, which frankly discusses the policies which led up to the Russo-Japanese war. The work also, of course, contains a full account of the conflict. The English version of the book is by Captain A. B. Lindsay, translator of Nojine's "The Truth About Port Arthur," and it is edited by Major E. S. Swinton, D.S.O.

* * *

A little New Zealand girl once wrote to Mark Twain to ask him if his real name was Clemens, as she had been told. Although she was anxious to know "for sure," she expressed her certainty that the report was untrue. She liked the name Mark. "Why, Mark Antony was in the Bible," she wrote. The letter delighted the humorist. "As Mark Antony has got into the Bible," he characteristically remarked, in telling about it, "I am not without hopes myself."

* * *

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's sense of the ridiculous has always been a saving grace, leading her to avoid grandiloquence, says a reviewer, who notes an instance in proof of the fact. On one occasion a lady at Newport, trying to get a fine sentiment out of her, said, one moonlit evening on a vine hung verandah:

"Mrs. Howe, do say something lovely about my piazza!"

Whereupon every one listened for the reply. In her delicately cultivated voice Mrs. Howe responded:

"I think it is a bully piaz."

* * *

The poisons mentioned in Shakespeare's works are the subject of an article by Dr. Cartaz in The Revue Scientifique. The extensive medical knowledge which Shakespeare is supposed to have possessed and which has been advanced by the Bacon theorists as a proof in support of their contentions has often attracted the attention of investigators, but Dr. Cartaz seeks to prove that Shakespeare knew no more than his contemporaries, and was under the same misapprehensions as they were regarding the potency of certain philtres and poisons.

When, for example, the ghost of Hamlet's father says that Claudius poured "the juice of cursed hebenon (henbane) into the porches of his ears" it should be pointed out that this juice could not possibly penetrate the drum of the ear. But the belief in the deadliness of poison thus introduced into the system was so general at the time that Ambroise Pare was accused of killing in this manner King Francis II. of France, although it is now certain that the King died of meningitis caused by inflammation of the internal ear.

Then, again, when Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet" gives Juliet the potion that "shall make her body stiff, stark and cold, appear like death," it can only have been, Dr. Cartaz considers, Datura stramonium (thorn apple), or mandragora root. The latter enjoyed during the Renaissance a great vogue, but experiments have shown that the awakening from its effects is accompanied by violent nausea, so that Juliet would have met her lover in a far from poetical condition.

Also the duration of sleep induced by narcotics never approaches forty-two hours. Dr. Cartaz thinks that Friar Laurence added hypnotic influence to his potion. As for Romeo's poison, of which the apothecary says that "if he had the strength of twenty men it would despatch him straight," the only solution is that it was aconite, as Shakespeare elsewhere calls the poison of jealousy as powerful as aconite. Or perhaps it was one of the mixed poisons resorted to by the Borgias.

* * *

After three days' illness, following upon an apoplectic seizure, Mr. Albert Midlane, author of the famous hymn, "There's a Friend for Little Children," died recently at his residence at Newport, Isle of Wight. Mr. Midlane was the author of about 1,000 hymns.

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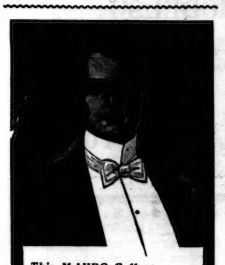

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IT begins to seem as though it were impossible to get away from long distance running as the main feature in the week's sporting events. Again has this sport been forced into the limelight by the tremendous public interest shown in the Shrubb-Simpson contest. Fully five thousand people attended, it is said, and this certainly shows that popular enthusiasm for this kind of race is by no means on the wane. On the contrary, it seems to grow with every big race. As was very generally expected this race again demonstrated what a great runner the little Englishman is—and not only a great runner, but also a thorough sportsman. When he had lapped the Indian a couple of times, had he desired he could have trailed behind and let Simpson pace him home. But instead of this he went right along and finished, to all appearances as fresh as he started, in the excellent time of one hour six minutes and thirty-three seconds.

Before the race started, Longboat, accompanied by a man with a megaphone, made a tour of the Armories and announced that he would challenge the winner to a fifteen-mile contest. Wouldn't it have been in much better taste to have said that Longboat would fulfill his contract with Alfred Shrubb? Twelve months ago had Longboat made his appearance before five thousand people as he did on Saturday, there would have been one of the greatest demonstrations ever accorded an athlete in this city. But things have changed and to-day Longboat must realize that even an Indian cannot play fast and loose with his competitors and still remain a popular idol.

* * *

IN spite of the fact that they had four Canadians on their team, Oxford lost to Cambridge in the seventh annual inter-'Varsity lacrosse match by a score of 8 to 6. Three of the Canadians were from Queen's and one from McGill. They were: A. G. Cameron (Queen's), point; A. M. Bothwell (Queen's), cover; A. R. McLeod (McGill), and N. S. Macdonnel (Queen's), defence field. This game again calls attention to the fact that lacrosse has become a recognized sport in England and awakens considerable public interest there. At the universities they play the game with enthusiasm, and rivalry runs high. Some of the players developed, too, are of more than ordinary ability.

* * *

SOME very pertinent things are said by The London Advertiser with regard to professional hockey and how it will prove rather an interesting experience for the villages that have tried to make it go. Brantford has come through with a loss of $500, Berlin is out some $2,100, and the others run likely somewhere between the two figures. All they got out of it was unsatisfactory hockey, charges of selling games, and all the rest of it. We have no desire to mix in that sort of thing, and when pro-hockey is played on a reasonable basis—where the hired men will receive a reasonable amount for their services after hours of honest toil—then there will be some interest to it. But when it comes to paying an ordinary no-account person the wages of a president for a few hours' toil a week, it is about time the hamlets cut it out, and started giving their own chaps a chance. There is more joy in Stratford over their Midgets and a junior championship than in Galt, with a bunch of hired men who are liable to sneak out in the night if they can get an extra dollar somewhere else. Back to original principles for ours.

* * *

THE principles of unionism are going far when they begin to affect sport. But such is the case. A crisis has arisen in the world of English Association football as the result of the following ultimatum sent by the Football Association Council to the Players' Union:

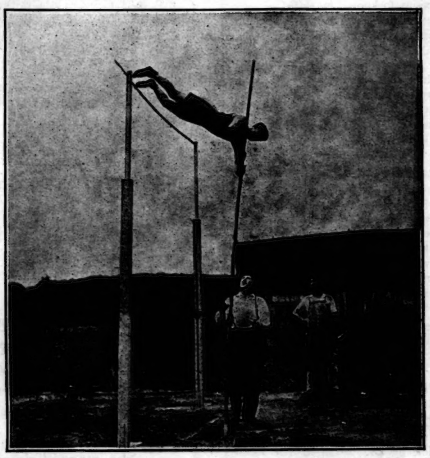
"The council being of opinion that the Players' Union have not only deliberately failed to observe the rules of the Football Association, but intend to pursue such conduct in the future, hereby withdraw their recognition of the Players' Union until they are satisfied that the union is prepared to carry on its operations in accordance with the rules of the Football Association.

The effect of this resolution will be far-reaching. Before the end of the present season the players must climb down, or engage in a "strike" affecting all the leading clubs in the country.

The union was formed last season, and obtained the support of a very large number of the leading professional players throughout England. Application for recognition by the Football Association was made and granted. This recognition is now to be cancelled unless the union is prepared to withdraw from the position taken up with regard to the settlement of disputes between clubs and players.

* * *

THE picture of the vaulter on this page represents A. C. Gilbert, of Yale, "pushing up." This is one of the difficult and critical points of the vault. Having swung his feet high and turned so as to clear the lower part of his body, he is "climbing" his pole, to get his breast and arms above the bar. The outing magazine, Recreation, gives an interesting series of these pictures in the spring number. Gilbert, although not the holder of the world's record, is still probably the greatest vaulter in it, as he either tied or defeated the record-holder, W. R. Dray, of Yale, at every important meeting last year where they both contested. In the Eastern trials for the Olympic games Gilbert cleared 12 feet 7 3-4 inches; but this could not be counted a record, as it was not made in competition. Dray's record is 12 feet 5 1-2 inches.



O. C. GILBERT.
of Yale, "Pushing Up" in a Pole Vault.

* * *

MEMBERS of the Toronto Y. M. C. A. are rejoicing over the victory of Charles Walters, of the Central Y. M. C. A., who won the individual fencing championship of Canada at the recent tournament in this city. His victory was a very decided one, as he scored 15 points, while the second, Mr. G. M. Williamson, had only 12 to his credit. Fencing is a good sport, one of the very best to develop grace and agility, as well as quickness and sureness of eye and wrist; and it is good to see people taking an interest in it. The days are gone by when a good sword-arm and a trusty blade might be needed at any turn to protect a man's life. But the sport is as fine a one to-day as it ever was, and should not be neglected.

* * *

THERE has been of late a tremendous amount of talk about the boxers. This is growing somewhat wearisome, and people are getting tired of being told day after day what Jeffries would do to Johnson or Johnson would do to Jeffries, if ever these gentlemen should get into the ring together. It would be much more to the purpose if Mr. Johnson would fulfill his contract with the National Sporting Club, of London, before whom he had agreed to meet Langford on May 24. Johnson will break his word of honor, as well as overlook his signature, but that apparently cuts no figure with him so long as he does not run up against Langford's dangerous punches. So far as Ketchel is concerned, it is a fact that wherever pugilism is discussed the proposed Johnson-Ketchel battle was ridiculed. Sporting men said that Ketchel would first knock out Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, then dispose of Sam Langford, and after that go after Johnson if Jeffries was still undecided about fighting. They also said that Johnson, if he really knew the meaning of the word honor, would pass up talk of fighting anybody here just now and would go to England in accordance with his agreement with the National Sporting Club, of London, and fight Langford on May 24. Both Ketchel and Johnson are mortally afraid of this dangerous Mr. Langford, who can hit like the kick of a mule, and has knocked out such heavyweights as Jim Barry and Jim Flynn in a few punches.

* * *

THE British Navy has again beaten the Army at Rugby football by a score of twenty-five points to nothing. As a game of football the match left little to be desired, in spite of the fact that the ground, which even at the start was sodden and treacherous on account of frost and snow, was long before the close almost a quagmire. The Navy men overcame the difficulties of the situation in remarkable fashion, their backs especially showing wonderful accuracy in fielding and handling the ball, and with their forwards dominating the "scrums" and their half-backs gaining possession at least five times as often as their opponets they were always playing a winning game. The victories gained by the Navy in the three matches so far played have been on an ascending scale. The first was won by the narrow margin of one point—three goals to a placed goal, a penalty goal, and two tries—the second by three goals to nil, and this last game by three goals, a dropped goal and two tries to nil. Had the match been played on a dry ground it is reasonable to suppose that the margin in favor of the Navy would have been even larger, for their backs were faster and better together than the Army three-quarters.

* * *

ENGLISH racing has recently lost one of the most interesting of its well known characters in the person of Mr. Joseph Thompson, the bookmaker. In his seventy-one years Joe Thompson crowded enough of life for twice the age. When a youngster he left London for Australia with nothing, and after about thirty years of it out there returned with $750,000. He shipped before the mast for the voyage out and home, but broke his contract in order to try his luck at the gold diggings. His desertion was accomplished after dark by means of an empty water-cask, in which he paddled himself ashore. He afterwards made a pile of money as a bookmaker and owner of race-horses. He was called the "King of the Ring," and he bestowed this name on one of his best horses. The champion of them all was Don Juan, who won him a number of races and a lot of money. Bushrangers held up Thompson more than once, but they were always disappointed of the expected booty. He outwitted them by carrying all his notes and gold in the axle of his buggy.

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GLOWING EMBERS

By CONSTANCE C. MARSTON

(Written for the Toronto Saturday Night.)

"Henriette, where are you?" came to her across the Water.

MRS. DERINGHAM lay motionless at the bottom of the canoe, hopelessly trying to solve the problem that confronted her.

Around her spread the darkness, thick and heavy and overpowering. Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves, not a ripple ruffled the surface of the water. Even the customary noises of the night were lacking, as if Nature, plunged into mourning, had enfolded the world in her grief.

Suddenly from across the lake came the indescribable, long drawn-out cry of a wild cat, and at once the spell was broken, and the woods were filled with whispering life. But Mrs. Deringham, deep in the bitterness of her own thoughts, noticed nothing, forgetful of all but the words that still rang in her ears with dull, maddening reiteration.

Again, as when an hour before she had lain in the hammock in the gloom of the camp veranda, she could hear the shrill staccato voice of Mrs. Catherwood as it had reached her from the other side of the living room window, where she was discussing her host, John Deringham, his talents and his future, and also John Deringham's wife.

And the words, lightly spoken, by a woman who could not possibly wish her harm had been as final to all Mrs. Deringham's happiness as if a death sentence had been pronounced upon her. Not meaning to listen, the first words had caught her as in a vise, and she had lain there, powerless to move, while their truth struck home.

"Poor Henriette," Mrs. Catherwood had said, "she's getting old."

"But Mrs. Deringham is still beautiful." The voice that answered had been Major Wood's.

"Still, it's hard for John to have to continue to play, or at least continue to try and play, the devoted husband to a woman nearly old enough to be his mother. It's no wonder he slips away now and again as he did to-day, especially as any one can see that he's wonderfully attracted to little Gracie Scott."

"Mrs. Deringham is only forty-five," the Major protested.

"But John is only thirty."

"She is young yet."

"Yes, to you at sixty; not to him at his age."

"But Mrs. Deringham has done so much for John. Gratitude alone should keep him true to her. She married him when he was a nobody, against the wishes of all her friends, and see what he is to-day, thanks to her."

"Yes," Mrs. Catherwood had retorted, "but gratitude is the last thing to bind a man to a woman, especially when he's fifteen years younger than she is, and," she added flippantly, "when he's at the height of his fame, ranking as John does in a class by himself, well ahead of the 'six best sellers.'"

"I hope you are wrong."

"But you know I am right, for you know that men—even the best of them—are all alike. Oh, I admit that she is a good sort, and devoted to him, but from his point of view that only makes matters worse. At thirty a man wants something more than a mother, and John's very much a man. Henriette might have the sense to dye her hair and try to appear his age, or else set him free, only in this Canada of yours divorce isn't fashionable.

"But, my dear Mrs. Catherwood," the Major had interrupted, "Mrs. Deringham is a good woman."

"Oh, yes, I know, but Gracie Scott is a pretty one," retorted Mrs. Catherwood as she rose and left the room.

For hours it seemed to Mrs. Deringham that she had lain there in the hammock fighting down the realization of the truth of what she had heard.

"It isn't true; it can't be true," she had whispered to herself. Then with a sudden rush the conviction had come home to her that they were right, those two, and that she was a fetter upon the man she loved, a hindrance where she had fancied herself a help. But Gracie Scott—little Gracie Scott—that was absurd; that at least couldn't be true. He was her own, her's by the right of all she had done for him, her's by the right of love, her's by the sweet memory of the past. No one could take him from her—no one could—no one would want to—and yet—little Gracie Scott. A terrible fear gripped her as she remembered how she had loved to see them together and had encouraged their friendship. And now—the thing was absurd, and yet—and yet—.

"Mrs. Deringham," a voice had called just then, "Mrs. Deringham, are you coming to play bridge?"

Roused to the fact that she must escape or else face her guests, she had gathered her thin black frock about her and crept quietly across the veranda. Once on the grass she had sped to the landing and untied her canoe, and then with long swift strokes paddled far down the lake until from sheer instinct she moored beside the log where she and John had spent so many happy hours.

Lying flat on the cushions at the bottom of the canoe, she covered her eyes as if to shut out the recollection of what she had heard. There in the dark she lay for hours, too miserable for tears, too crushed to reason. Deadened as her senses seemed to be, she recognized through it all, the truth of the indictment. She was old and she had never guessed it; she was a drag, an incubus and she had never known it. And yet she had never felt more alive, never known the blood to rush more madly through her veins. Never had she been more filled with the keen desire for life, more in need of the loving pressure of John's strong arms, than now when she realized that her real life was over, and nothing but the ashes left.

As the night stretched on and the moon dropped behind the clouds, there crowded upon her, incident by incident the circumstances that had led to their marriage—his fine quality of youth that had appealed to her—after the years she had spent with the elderly husband who had left her rich—his joyousness, his love of life for sheer living's sake.

Even in the depth of misery she felt an exultant thrill, for then at least he had loved her. Looking back over the first glorious weeks that had followed their marriage, when together they had motored through Italy, she caught her breath in the ecstasy of memory. Once again she lived that golden night at Assisi when together they had leaned from the great open window looking down upon the plain lying white beneath them, while the radiance of the moon turned prosaic earth to heaven. John had loved her then—it needed no vanity to tell her that.

In Venice, too, there was that rainy night, most of it spent in the shelter of the gondola while the Grand Canal lay back around them, and John's arm had held her fast. Once more she caught her breath at the memory—there was no self-deception in the thought that John had loved her then.

But for months it had been a different story, although she had hardly realized it. Cowering among the cushions she wrestled with the thought that other women might have shared his absent hours with John, might have been to him what she had striven to be—and more. Fighting as much for him as for herself, she tried to banish the thought that he had fooled her as a thousand women are daily fooled, lulled into security by a love that has become a habit. Mingled with the certainty that John was tired of her were the memories that every woman must have if the past is to remain as it must to most—at once a joy and a torture.

Woman-like she knew she was still good to look upon, still bright enough to have men hang upon her words. But now she realized that her charm was of maturity, not youth. Though her hair, soft, white and curly, crowned with its braids a face that was still lineless, it was the face of a woman who knew and understood—no longer that of a girl. And the magnetism which had once held him fast no longer counted with John, though it was still all powerful with older and even cleverer men.

At last she was face to face with the truth, no kindly veil between her and reality, and as the day dawned in sombre greyness she grasped the greatest tragedy that can come to woman—the knowledge that she has lost the love she cherishes, and that resist as she may, age has claimed her, and youth lies far behind. Resisting, struggling, clinging to every shred of hope, she battled long and tearlessly.

"John, John," she whispered, and over and over again the cry broke from her, "John, my John."

Struggling for self-mastery she tried to put from her the thought that little Gracie Scott had supplanted her. Gracie Scott with her big blue eyes and golden hair, Gracie Scott with her youth and prettiness and empty brain. Vainly she tried to bolster up her pride with the belief that if he had faltered in his allegiance he had kept it to himself, for she remembered the uncontrolled outbursts with which he had shown his love for her in the old days, and slowly as she lay there, a fire of jealousy leaped into being that only death could extinguish. The passion of it shook her as nothing else had done. There was murder in her heart, and she knew it as she summed up the attractions of the girl who was ruining her life.

An hour passed as she pondered ways and means of escape, unconscious of the fact that the wind was rising. It was not until a gust, stronger than the rest, nearly overturned the canoe, that she discovered a heavy storm was brewing.

Hastily untying the painter, she picked up the paddle and turned towards home, but strong paddler though she was, she could make but little headway. Painfully, bringing every muscle of her splendid back and arms into play, she forged slowly on, only to be blown back again. Out in the direction she must take, the white caps were dancing high above the water's surface. Along the shore trees bent and creaked before the wind. In the distance she heard a bough break with a sharp snap as of a rifle. All Nature was alive and filled with youth and strength, and she too felt its thrill. A wild riot of mood took possession of her and all thought of fear slipped away.

Inch by inch she battled her way towards the point that marked the first turn on the homeward way, and in the lee of which lay comparative safety. The waves swept by in a wild riot of foam that soaked her through and through. Try as she would it was all she could do to keep the birch bark canoe into the wind. Once, twice, she was nearly over, but managed to right her small craft in time. Realizing that a second's inattention would give her the boon of death she craved, she yet struggled on, each moment giving her a better hold on life, each second bringing her nearer to shelter.

At last, when she was almost exhausted, the wind died down almost as suddenly as it had risen, and a sweep of rain blotted out the shore. She had almost reached the point beyond which safety lay when she heard her name called loudly, anxiously, in John's ringing tones.

"Henriette," it came to her across the water, "Henriette, Henriette, where are you?"

For a moment her heart stood still with joy at the realization that he had cared what had become of her, that he was looking for her. Paddling rapidly towards him through the mist of sweeping rain she called in answer, "John, John, I'm coming."

As he came into sight around the

(*Concluded on page* VI.)

EASTER MILLINERY SHOWING

Monday, March Twenty-Ninth.

EXQUISITE CREATIONS FROM THE FOREMOST PARISIAN MODISTES—IN ADDITION TO THE PRODUCTIONS OF OUR OWN DESIGNERS.

At this particular season—with Dame Fashion expressing herself in new ways with each succeeding day—it behooves the well-dressed woman to keep closely in touch with **EATON'S** Millinery Department, where the newest ideas are always to be found.

Our Easter Display is in keeping with the highest ethics of Exclusiveness and Fashion—irresistible in beauty; unsurpassed in style.

Most of the hats shown are large—some are quaint—others, dashing—*all* are fascinating.

You are cordially invited to come and see the hats Monday.

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TORONTO CANADA

Thoroughly Cooked Food

ALL cereals should be thoroughly cooked to get the best results for food purposes. In our Canadian Agricultural Colleges they have tested the effect of cooking on the solubility of foods.

Read this table:

ROLLED OATS Time Cooked.	P.C. Solids Soluble in Water.	WHEAT FLOUR Time Cooked	P.C Solids Soluble in Water.
Uncooked	8.42	Uncooked	6.97
20 minutes	14.95	20 minutes	37.40
2 hours	18.79	2 hours	37.19
5 hours	29.93	5 hours	38.37
8 hours	34.20	8 hours	39.99

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DOCTORS

find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Editor's Notice:—Saturday Night is always glad to receive original stories, sketches, etc., illustrated or otherwise. All manuscripts should be type-written and the necessary return postage enclosed; othe . lse the Editor cannot guarant their return should they be rejected.

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!?- Points About People. -?!

An Inside Story of the Bishop's Election.

WHENEVER Hon. S. H. Blake looms up in the public eye, it is usually to meet with criticism and even ridicule, rather unjust to one who is at heart so good a man as he. Years ago in the columns of this journal, "Don" described him as a man who ought to have a private swearing man down near Murray Bay, where he could exhaust his vehemence. Now that the election of Bishop Sweeny has been accepted by the house of Bishops and his installation accomplished, a little unrecorded history in connection with his election is worth telling.

It has been widely stated that the chances of Canon Cody for the Bishopric were ruined by the fact that Hon. S. H. Blake was his chief sponsor with the laity. It is a fact that many clergymen—some graduates of Wyckliffe even—who were personally friendly to Canon Cody, voted for Bishop Thornloe, because, as they put it, "We refuse to make Sam Blake Bishop of the diocese." This was an unwarranted attribution of weakness to Canon Cody, who has not the chin of a man likely to be ruled by anybody, but that was the belief. In the long run, however, "Sam" Blake did, to all intents and purposes, select the Bishop, for when the special committee met his party refused to accept anyone but Archdeacon Sweeny, who as presiding officer had not declared himself either way, and who was affiliated neither with Trinity or Wyckliffe. So, after all, Mr. Blake proved himself lay ruler of the Synod.

The opposition to Mr. Blake's favorite candidate was based chiefly on certain writings, printed for circulation among Anglicans, which have not reached the eye of the general public, but which have been widely discussed in the inner circles of the church. In them Mr. Blake practically accuses most of the clergy of a hankering to return to Rome, and in expounding his views creates a new calendar of saints. He definitely calls Martin Luther "Saint Luther," and John Wyckliffe "Saint Wyckliffe," and whether he does so ironically or not in the belief that any really good man is a saint does not appear. But the clergy who are going to choose the saints, if any are to be chosen, would not stand for this interference with their prerogative.

It is well known to his intimates that Mr. Blake is a tender-hearted and extremely sensitive man whose only defect is a peculiar knack of ineptitude when speaking on serious topics.

A Rockefeller Story.

A PRESENT resident of Toronto, who has lived for many years in Cleveland, tells some very interesting stories of John D. Rockefeller, whom he knows quite well, having often met him and played with him on the golf links.

"And by the way," he says, "let no man imagine that John D. is an easy mark at the game. He is an old man, and he has taken it up very late in life, but for all that he plays a fine game, and he is at all times a dangerous opponent. He goes at it with the same concentration and decision which mark him in business, and he is a strong, steady player. Above all, he never loses his suave coolness, no matter what happens. I had a striking instance of it one day, at the time of the business panic in the fall of 1907.

"I happened to be playing a game with Rockefeller, and between strokes he kept up a steady fire of good advice about saving money and working hard, such as he always makes a point of unloading on younger and poorer men. Suddenly, one of his stenographers, a young woman, came running over to us with a telegram. She had ridden out on a wheel from the office to the club-house.

"Rockefeller excused himself, read the message, and then immediately dictated a short answer. The girl hurried off with it, and he turned to resume his game with me. He talked just as coolly and played just as steadily as before, and I never for a moment imagined the message was of any more than ordinary importance. After a few minutes, however, he looked at me with a dry smile, and said:

"'I suppose you haven't any idea of what was in that telegram and the answer I sent?'

"I naturally said I hadn't the slightest idea in the world.

"'Well,' he replied, with a cool drawl, 'it was a notification to me that Wall Street was in straits and needed assistance. I sent them five million dollars.'

"I simply gasped, 'Great Scott!' But what could a fellow say under such circumstances? The old scamp took my breath away.

"But it was no kid on his part, for I read all about it in the paper next day."

He Changed His Views.

ONE of the new members of the House of Commons is Albert Champagen, member-elect for the electoral division of Battleford. Albert is a native of Ottawa and is a brother of Napoleon Champagne, the Freach-Canadian member of the Board of Control of the Capital.

Now Napoleon is a staunch Roman Catholic and a red-hot Conservative, while Albert is just as strong a Grit. When Napoleon was asked to explain how it was that his brother should have been elected to the House of Commons as a Liberal, he replied with a twinkle in his eye:

"You can never tell what a boy will do when he leaves home! The first thing Albert did was to marry a Presbyterian and the next was to turn Grit."

A Legislator Whose Heart is Young.

FOR a decade now, Mr. I. B. Lucas, member for North Grey, has been the Peter Pan of the Ontario Legislature. He has persistently refused to grow up. He has not aged a minute since he was introduced to the House as a new member of the Opposition, and his friends say that he actually looks younger and less burdened by care now as he guides the devious processes of the private bills committee than he did when he was first called to the bar.

Between sessions Mr. Lucas spends most of his time in the town of Markdale cultivating the sciences of law and citizenship. But when these begin to irk, as they frequently do, he finds his relief in a game that lasts as long as the summer time does. Mounted on a fiery steed, he issues forth in the direction of Flesherton. This is no longer I. B. Lucas, M.P.P., for North Grey, and chairman of the Private Bills Committee, but One-eyed Mike, the terror of Demon Gulch. At his side ride such members of his family and close friends as have stout hearts enough to ride with him when there is desperate work afoot.

There are names in that band which carry terror over the whole countryside where they are known, but they do not often leak out, for the chief reason that their wearers rarely remember them at the close of the day.

Alkali Bill and Red Pete and Sonora Slim and Cattle Kate and Five Ace Joe put in an appearance from time to time, but the leadership always is tacitly awarded to One-eyed Mike. He is the hero of many such frolics.

After a hard ride, these desperadoes of an afternoon swoop down on the unsuspecting village of Flesherton. "Red licker" is what they want, and they will have it if they have to shoot up the whole dinged town. But they do not have to. Tying their mounts to the post before the Bob-Tail Flush Saloon, otherwise the local drug store, they march in with a muttered imprecation and call for ice cream soda. Then they ride home, and Flesherton never knows that she has sheltered within her boundaries the worst gang of "bad men" in all the north country.

The Senator's Mistake.

THE recent discussion in the House of Commons over the abuse of the franking privilege as regards campaign literature recalls an incident which took place in a Western city in the campaign of 1904. A certain Senator from the West was in the habit of making purchases of domestic supplies in the East and franking them home.

During the course of the campaign the Senator received a request from the Conservative Committee in his home town asking for some campaign literature. He wired back that he had mailed a generous supply, and one night the Conservative Committee gathered in force to receive the precious literature. The secretary produced the bag and, with due ceremony, it was opened, but alas! somebody had mixed the labels, and, instead of the expected campaign literature, the bag was found to contain a generous supply of toilet materials!

The campaign literature had been delivered to the Senator's office in the same building, and there had to be a transfer of the contents before the election fight could proceed. You don't want to mention franking domestic articles in that Senator's presence nowadays.

Canadians do a Vaudeville Turn in London.

MR. C. W. McPHERSON, of Dawson City, Director of Surveys for the Government, passed through the city the other day on his way home from Edinburgh, where he filled a noteworthy engagement at one of the vaudeville theatres—for one night only. Mr. McPherson is an old Varsity Glee Club man, and among the Canadian curlers who have been creating such a furore in the Old Country this winter, he was one of the reliable dispensers of song and story and general good fellowship. One of the forms of entertainment offered the curlers in the Scottish capital was a trip *en masse* to the theatre aforementioned. About half way through the proceedings reference was made to the presence of the Canadians, and the announcement sprung that one of the party would sing "The Maple Leaf." Up went Mr. McPherson, his overcoat thrown over his arm, out to the centre of the stage, and he sang the song through. At the chorus up rose the husky curlers, two front rows of them, and their rendering of the Canadian song was followed by one of the wildest demonstrations of applause the house had ever seen.

Col. Clark, the Joker.

STORIES of the peculiar drollery of Col. Hugh Clark, member of the Ontario Legislature for Centre Bruce, are innumerable, and the following one is a specimen:

It will be remembered that shortly before the general elections of June last the Liberal candidate in East Lambton, Mr. Montague Smith, commited suicide. Mr. R. J. MacCormack, M.P.P., took an eleventh-hour nomination, and to the surprise of everyone succeeding in defeating the sitting member, Mr. Hugh Montgomery. On the day the House was to assemble, Mr. MacCormack journeyed to Toronto, and at Guelph Junction Col. Clark, en route from Kincardine, came aboard. A mutual friend introduced him to the new member for East Lambton, and the humorist of Bruce responded:

"Oh, yes; I've heard about you; you committed suicide two weeks before the general election."

"I did not," said the astonished Mr. MacCormack.

"Oh yes, you did," said Col. Clark. "Weren't you the Liberal candidate?"

"Yes," said the new member.

"Well, I can prove that you did, for I have a paper at home that says 'Liberal candidate in East Lambton kills himself.'"

The Wideawake Army Workers.

THERE is perhaps no more wideawake business institution in the world than the Salvation Army. As soon as it was discovered at local headquarters that "Salvation Nell," the drama so finely produced and acted by Mrs. Fiske last week, contained a definite appeal to the religious susceptibilities of the public, a corps of lassies was detailed to appear in the lobby of the Royal Alexandra Theatre nightly as the audience was coming out, and to present their tambourines just as Nell does in the play. After the matinee on Saturday, Mrs. Fiske was waited upon by a captain from the headquarters staff, who thanked her for the beautiful performance she had given and asked her permission to insert in the programme at the evening performance an appeal in behalf of the work of the organization. The celebrated actress at once gave her consent, but added, "How will you get them printed in time?"

"Oh, we have them printed already; we were sure you would consent," was the response.

As they say in London: "The Salvation Army never overlooks a bet."

Mr. Pugsley's Double.

HON WILLIAM PUGSLEY has a double in the House of Commons. It is Major Beattie, the genial Conservative member for London. The Minister of Public Works and the major would scarcely pass for twins. About all they have in common is their height and general contour. Mr. Pugsley has a spreading square-built beard and the major has a neatly trimmed pointed goatee. Despite the apparent lack of resemblence, the major has been a number of times taken for Mr. Pugsley. After an experience the major had recently, however, he is not bemoaning his likeness to the New Brunswick Minister.

The major was going home on a Friday night and neglected to order early a berth. He went to the C.P.R. ticket office and inquired for a lower.

"All gone," was the reply.

Another official came running to the rescue.

"Can't you get a berth, Mr. Pugsley," he inquired.

The major without turning a hair answered in the negative. After a wild five minutes' scurrying around, a lower was produced and, as Mr. Pugsley, the major carried off his sleeping car ticket.

Whenever he is in a group of newspapermen Major Beattie delights to tell a story on himself of the time he went to the front as an officer in the rebellion of 1885. He went, with a number of others by St. Paul, intending to join the troops in Winnipeg.

At St. Paul an enterprising reporter unearthed the major and unconsciously the latter gave an interview. When the evening papers came out the major was astonished to see a startling story on the front page of one of them, double leaded and in heavy type with the following head: "Going to War in a Pullman Car."

Mr. Graham Compares Vancouver and Victoria.

ONE of the best story tellers in the House is Hon. George P. Graham. When he was first made Minister of Railways he took a trip to the coast. Someone the other day was asking him as to his impressions of Vancouver and Victoria.

"When I landed in Vaucouver," said Mr. Graham, "I was met at the train by forty real estate men who wanted to sell me something. I went across to Victoria. There was not a soul in sight. I went into a store to buy something. There was no one to wait on me. Finally I leaned over the counter, spied a clerk, hauled him out by the collar, and forced him to make me a sale."

Humor of The Police Court.

ARTHUR WEBB, clerk of the Toronto Police Court, has had in his several years' experience in court, an excellent opportunity to study human nature. Also he has picked up considerable skill in handling defendants, plaintiffs and witnesses. It is he who gets the name of the witnesses and jots down the testimony when necessary.

Persons attending the court regularly notice that Mr. Webb has adopted the habit of getting at first names of witnesses by asking, "What's your front name?" The use of front sounds a little odd, but Arthur holds that for his purpose it is the best obtainable term. He formerly used a different adjective, and thereby hangs this tale.

One day in court he asked a witness the usual question, "What's your Christian name?"

The witness was a young woman and she looked squarely at the genial court clerk as she answered quite gravely:

"I'm a Jew. I haven't any 'Christian' name."

Of course, it would be proper to ask for the Christian name of most witnesses, but Arthur hasn't opportunity always to stop to discover people's nationalities before questioning them, and so he puts a question which covers all cases and gives offence to none.

Ye Ballade of Sir Whitney and Ye Suffragettes.

"NOW save ye, bold Sir Whitney,"
The ushers wildly cry,
"Ye suffragettes are at the gates,
Their flaunting banners fly."

"O caitiff knaves," up spake the knight,
"To talk to me of fear!
Death comes to all upon the earth,
So lead me to my bier."

They knocked upon a thrice-barred door
Where foaming tankards wait;
He stowed away a slug or two,
Then hied him to his fate.

Whereon rose clamor high and shrill
As only ladies can,
Who see, for them to wreak their will,
One lone, defenceless man.

"You horrid thing," their leader cried,
"How can you be so mean?
When we have bought our voting clothes,
The cutest ever seen!"

Sir Whitney glanced upon their duds,
His face grew wan with fear,
He saw some shapes in clinging sheaths,
And he knew his finish near.

But summoning all his failing breath
He shouted, scorning fate,
"They're selling hats on Yonge street,
Marked down to ninety-eight!"

One wild shriek splits the welkin,
As shopping flight begets;
And thus did bold Sir Whitney
Disperse ye suffragettes.

Pod.

Peter Ryan's Latest Joke.

PETER RYAN is easily one of Toronto's most prominent citizens, and, as such, he is often sought out by reporters when the newspapers want opinions of leading men of the town on important happenings which lend themselves to interesting comment.

The most recent cause for consulting this big grey man of hearty ways was the announcement of several important particulars of Uncle Sam's proposed tariff changes. Canada, of course, is deeply interested in the tariff manipulations of her big neighbor, and so a reporter of an evening paper telephoned several men whose opinions would likely be well worth quoting; and Mr. Ryan was one of those consulted.

"What do you think about the new American tariff?" asked the newspaperman.

"The new American tariff?"

"Yes; you've seen what has been published about the proposed changes?"

Mr. Ryan, as everyone knows, is a Roman Catholic. Also, he is famous as a joker.

"No, I haven't," he answered. "You see I've given up reading the papers during Lent."

The Singers.

THE singers stood in the court of the king,
And vied for his royal praise;
And the monarch held in his hand a ring,
As the guerdon for him who should featliest sing
And highest all hearts upraise.

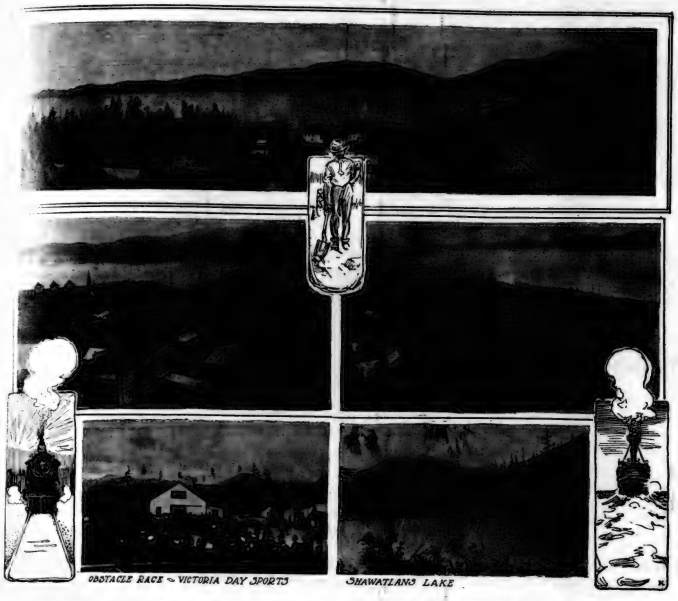
The singers sang the stern joys of strife,
The rush and the shock of arms;
Their songs with valiant deeds were rife,
They glowed with the fullness and power of life,
And eke with fair ladies' charms.

At last there was pause and the concourse all
Was still and without a word
As the king rose up in the high-arched hall,
But ere ere he could speak from the greenwood tall
Came the notes of a singing bird.

They floated over the listening throng
Like music from elfin land,
Now mournful and tender, now passionate, strong,
And the king as he harked to that wondrous song
Let fall the ring from his hand.

Donald Duross.

PRINCE RUPERT'S PROGRESS



OBSTACLE RACE ~ VICTORIA DAY SPORTS — SHAWATLANS LAKE

WE are all acquainted with the old saying that "God made the country and man the city," and in no instance is this more literally true than in the case of the city of Prince Rupert. Here we have a large corporation working in conjunction with the Government of the Province of British Columbia, to create a modern city—a city which is to be the Pacific coast terminal port of what it is claimed will be the best constructed and equipped railway on the continent.

The selection of a suitable terminal was a matter of great importance, and much time and money was spent exploring the different harbors of the coast before the choice was made. Kaien Island was eventually chosen with its magnificent harbor extending fifteen miles in length, one mile in breadth, and having a depth at the wharf of twenty-six feet at extreme low tide.

It was reported by one of the British Columbia journals that the entrance to Prince Rupert harbor from the open sea through "Brown's Passage" was impossible to large vessels, but this has been contradicted by Capt. Perry, R.N., of H.M.S. Egeria, who asserts that the survey made by him has been entirely satisfactory, in so far as the approach to Prince Rupert from seaward is concerned.

In 1905, a grant of 10,000 acres on Kaein Island was obtained by the G. T. P. Co., from the Provincial Government, and later the purchase of an additional 14,000 acres of Indian Reserve land was made. It is the law of this province that one quarter of any land sub-sided into a townsite shall be re-conveyed to the Crown, and this is being done in the case of Prince Rupert together with one quarter of the water frontage. This provision is a good one as it will prevent the railway company from having a monopoly of wharf facilities and will prove of great value in the future. The survey of the townsite has been made in accordance with a plan prepared by an eminent firm of landscape architects of Boston, Mass., and it is one of the most artistic and conveniently laid out cities in America.

From a scenic point of view it would be hard to find a place more picturesquely situated than is Prince Rupert. Looking across the harbor one is reminded of Muskoka and the Georgian Bay, with its numerous thickly-wooded islands and the water reflecting the glorious colors of the sunset. Almost surrounded as it is by snow-capped mountains, the town is, to a great extent, protected from the wind. The sum of two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000) is now being spent by the Provincial Government on the construction of plank roads and sidewalks, which are being laid on all the principal streets and avenues of the city. A power station has also been installed to supply the town with water, and a sewerage system is being put in. The Government has, very wisely, reserved a flow of water amounting to 5,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours of Lake Shawatlans, which is sufficient for a population of a hundred thousand people. A further source of supply amounting to about 16,000,000 gallons per day has also been reserved across the harbor, and thus assures for Prince Rupert an ample supply of water for all time.

The railway is opening up a territory rich in minerals and timber, and there is no doubt but that these will prove of inestimable value in the upbuilding of this city. At present there is only a small portion of land under cultivation in the immediate vicinity and as the land is heavily timbered it will, of necessity, be more expensive to clear than prairie land.

The climate is mild and remarkably health-giving.

The line of railway from the Rocky Mountains westward follows the valleys of the Fraser, Nechaco, Bulkley and Skeena rivers, and will open up a greater area of good agricultural land than is to be found in any other portion of the province.

Within a few miles of the harbor lie the greatest halibut banks in the world and this, with the other fisheries, including the large catch of salmon that is made every year, is one of its great natural resources, and will also give employment to many thousands. Situated as it is, four hundred and twenty-three miles nearer to Yokohama than is Vancouver—the next most northerly port on the Pacific coast—Prince Rupert has a great advantage over any of the ports of the south. Of great importance also is the fact that, all along the route of the G.T.P. railway, the grade is very low and even in the mountain section it does not exceed 0.6 per cent. Compared with the other large transcontinental railway this is extremely low as is evidenced by the fact that the maximum grade of the C.P.R. railway is 4.5 per cent., and while only four cars of 60,000 lbs capacity could be hauled by one locomotive on the 4.5 grade of the C.P.R., thirty-six car loads of the same weight could be hauled over the maximum grade of the G.T.P. By this it can readily be seen what an advantage it will be to Prince Rupert. A large portion of the grain grown in the North-west will be shipped via this city en route to the Orient and also to Europe via the Panama Canal when completed. There should also be a large jobbing done, as all along the coast, both north and south of Prince Rupert, are located large industries, such as mining, logging and fishing, all of which will demand large supplies.

In the valleys through which the railway passes are many hundreds of square miles of coal lands and large deposits have also been found in the Queen Charlotte Islands.

When all these things are taken into consideration, the fact is evident, even to the most pessimistic, that Prince Rupert has indeed a wonderful future in store.

"His Honor"

By PETER O'DEE.

Now and then a man by force of character and length of public service rises to the dignity of an institution. Most towns of any consequence possess one such man, though some are fortunate enough to own two or three of them, while others are so unfortunate as not to have any. But wherever they are they give a sort of character and personal note to things, so far as even to establish a reputation for a city.

It would be an interesting problem to consider just how much of Toronto's high repute for street discipline and minor righteousness and the authority of "bobbies," is due to the grey-haired man with the keen blue eyes and the aggressive, military voice, who has for so many years been the majesty of the law for the petty offender. "The Colonel"—as he is familiarly known to "the gents who gets pinched," as well as the "gent who does the pinching" and the "gents who looks on at it"—has become the personification of the Toronto idea for other and less godly centres. And whenever the good fellows of wetter cities picture Toronto, it is as a Sahara of virtue without a redeeming oasis; and the central figure is always a sort of grey-headed old lion with a tremendous roar, who goes about seeking whom he may "send down"—with jokes before and after. And so the Colonel has come to have a sort of mythical significance, much like that of the hundred-handed or hundred-eyed guardians in old legend.

Nearly every resident of this city has a pretty clear idea of the room with the green hangings in the City Hall—a fine, high-ceilinged apartment with almost sumptuous furnishings as compared to the police courts of other cities, but which must often suggest the cave of Giant Despair to the poor devils who view it from the railed enclosure in the centre. But let me not be misunderstood. When I say most Torontonians are familiar with all this, I would not be held to insinuate that their knowledge is the result of anything but a voluntary experience. Far be it from me to suggest that "constant reader" or "old subscriber" ever gazed forlornly over the rail, and wondered dimly whether the stern white head which loomed over the judge's desk felt any of the woozy throbbings which alone remained with them to tell of the joys of yestereve. No, no, it was for entirely different reasons that they attended. Perhaps an old friend of theirs had forgotten himself and tried to argue with a policeman, and they were there to help him with evidence or bail. Perhaps the cook-lady after drinking all the flavoring for the pudding-sauce had demanded an increase of salary with a rolling-pin. Perhaps—or perhaps—but what is the use of any further suggestions? Let it be taken for granted that "constant reader" and "old subscriber" both know about the room with the green hangings, and that their knowledge was gained through entirely blameless and respectable channels—or a newspaper.

The witching hour for the Colonel and his guests is ten in the morning—sharp, too, if you please. Somehow or other the Colonel's guests are always on time—with rare exceptions who jump their bail. So is the Colonel. Just on the stroke of the hour he comes in with a fine healthy complexion after walking down from his residence. He at once plunges *in medias res*—which in this case generally means "jags."

There they are all lined up in special reserved seats, with lawyers to right of them and reporters to left of them and the judge in front of them and spectators to back of them and policemen all around them and the fear of the Lord over them. The sword of Damocles is a weak jest compared to the wrath of the Colonel; and variously suppliant are the glances cast towards him from behind the bars. Now and then, however, there is a sturdy, sulky fellow who refuses to look repentant or propitiating or anything but dogged and wrathful. And when the Colonel's eye falls on him it is full of evil boding. For the Colonel believes in a meek behavior in the dock, and a cheerful hopefulness of expression finds much favor in his sight.

The old-timers are thoroughly aware of this, and when their names are called they hop up briskly and make a point of saluting in a military manner. This is a very good move, for if there is anything the Colonel cherishes—next to a policeman—it is a veteran, even a somewhat boozy and disreputable veteran. And he doesn't lack opportunities of showing them little courtesies. Pension time comes around every quarter, and when it does some of the gallant fellows who have fought their country's battles proceed to fight their country's bottles, with the result that—

"You are accused of having been intoxicated," says the Colonel, "and of having while in that condition punched the head of an inoffensive citizen. What is your defence?"

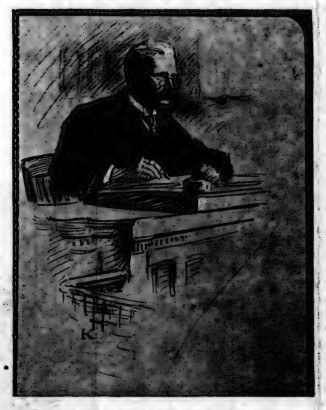
"Sir, I am a veteran."

"Go in peace and sin no more, and don't let me see you here for another three months," and the Colonel goes on writing, while the noble veteran sidles out of the dock and tips a wink to the cop.

And then there are the experienced old cases who always laugh at the Colonel's remarks. His Honor has a habit of making remarks—shrewd, biting remarks thrown out over his big ledger with a quick glance up from his writing. Some of the prisoners sulk over it. That is when the remarks come after the sentence. When they come before, the wise ones make a point of being very much tickled. Nothing but their respect for the decorum of the court prevents them from lying down and rolling in the ecstasy of their mirth. So with evident difficulty they stifle their hilarity, throwing eyes of gleeful admiration on everyone present, including Inspector Archibald, as though to say, "My word! ain't he just orful!" Their good spirits are really contagious, and—well, you couldn't be hard on them yourself, if it were you that made the remark they laughed at.

There is always a long line of cases waiting for the Colonel. But it is marvellous how they disappear. Solid, opaque "disorderlies" and skulking "petty larcenies" and sodden old "vagrants" seem to melt and vanish into thin air. They are here a moment, and lo! they are gone. The scales of justice in this case are patent, double-action, automatic, self-dumping scales, and it is marvellous how quickly they work. A "case" is weighed in the balance and found "wanted"—at the jail—or restored to the bosom of Centre and Terauley streets with breathless despatch. And all the time the broad-shouldered man at the high desk goes on writing, writing, looking up only now and then to shoot a question and a self-pulling corkscrew glance at a stammering prisoner. This is entirely metaphorical, and is not to be taken as meaning that the Colonel squints or is goggle-eyed. On the contrary, he has an awkward way of looking very straight and very hard at a person, which generally results in the said person "uncorking" very rapidly—and this is the origin of the figure of speech above.

It is wonderful how quickly the work is done. And it is also wonderful how well the work is done. The task is one which calls for abilities of an unusual order. A man to fill the position with a proper measure of success must possess a sure and prompt judgment, a rare knowledge of human nature of various types, firm and high principles, and above all a deep and abiding kindness of heart. There is little time to weigh and consider here. Judgment must be given on the spur of the moment; and if it is to be a just judgment, all the qualities mentioned must be possessed by the judge in a very high degree. And that the Colonel possesses them, even his friends in the dock must admit. They may question particular judgments—in their own cases, for instance—but they are all



"His Honor, the Colonel."

willing to give him credit for the rest. He may be a bit of a martinet; he may have a weakness for veterans, and jovial old sinners generally; he may have an undoubting faith in a "bobby," which is not shared in by the people the "bobby" pinches, for instance; but he's a man for a' that—a fair-minded, square-dealing, human man, with a head and a heart and a very strong voice. And I hope he'll remember I said it, if ever he looks at me across that railing.

A Recollection of John Wilkes Booth.

APROPOS of the suggestion contained in a recent article speculating on the possibility that Wilkes Booth, after his assassination of Lincoln, did not meet with the fate popularly ascribed to him, a reminiscence of Booth recalled by Louis James, the veteran actor, who is in Toronto this week, is of interest. This is the way Mr. James tells it:

There is a time in every man's life when recollection becomes one of the most fascinating of pastimes.

It was my fortune once to witness a dramatic performance that so impressed me, that to this day the picture is as impressive as upon the day of the enactment. It was while in Baltimore, and having a night off went to see John Wilkes Booth play "Richard III.," and little did I think that a few weeks later this same man would have been the cause of so much national consternation.

Booth was a handsome fellow, with raven black curly hair, piercing black eyes, and a most magnificently rounded voice that uttered lines in a manner that made the other members of the Booth family jealous. "Wilkes" was the actor of the three brothers. Junius Brutus was the poorest actor of the trio. Edwin was the student player, great reader of blank verse, profound thinker, and naturally of a morbid disposition. John Wilkes was the romantic actor, impulsive, erratic, daring, a delightful companion, generous, charitable, and a perfect "man's man." Knowing him thus naturally served to induce me to view his performance of his greatest role with a critical eye, and as such I did.

Never in my life have I seen a performance that depicted so much of the real "Richard" as I saw that night. Booth seemed to live the character for the time being, and while I personally do not believe in such methods, his characterization seemed to fit the man. If I mistake not, Ed Tilton was his "Richmond," and the night prior to my visit, in the combat, Booth had backed Tilton clean over the footlights, so aggressive and realistic did he play. Booth was an excellent swordsman and a thoroughly trained all-round athlete.

If the histrionic art was ever handed down from sire to son, John Wilkes Booth inherited every attribute embodied in his great and gifted father, who was in his day the greatest actor in this country.

I have known many of the old time players who have been in the same companies with John Wilkes Booth—Ed Tilton, Sam Chester, Harry Langdon, Owen Fawcett, and many others—and they all had a good word for this poor misguided genius, for such he was; and nothing but an erratic impulse or an over-zealous desire to gain fame (if only for a moment's duration) would have caused him to plunge his family and his nation into the calamity that he did. For deep at heart, in a normal frame of mind, he did not possess one vicious trait.

A writer in The National Review, London, whose initials are E. B. O., says: "I have been asked by a Canadian friend to attempt a list of the twelve ablest living Canadians. It is a difficult and dangerous task. Here is my list, however, in defiance of all that makes for journalistic caution: politicians, Laurier, Sifton, Mackenzie King; financiers, Byron Walker, Clouston; railway men, Hays, Mackenzie; publicists, Sandford Evans, Mabee, Doughty; editors, Dansereau, Dafoe; humorist, George Ham. I add the only great humorist—the 'Mark Twain' of the Dominion—to make a baker's dozen. Time, the master-baker of men, is even now preparing a second batch as good as the first. It was a sad trial to leave out such men as James Robertson, Maurice Hutton, Lemieux, etc., etc."

"A Masque of Empire," Patriotic Entertainment Given Recently under the Auspices of the United Empire Loyalists and Patronage of Lord Grey and Sir James Whitney. A Photograph of the Performers at St. George's Hall. —Photo by Adamson.

A REMARKABLE bill designed "to regulate the gearing and speed of motor, motor cabs, taxicabs, or other horseless vehicles" has been introduced in the State Legislature of Illinois. It provides that no car shall be geared with a higher speed than twenty miles an hour; that to run one that is capable of attaining a speed in excess of that shall constitute a misdemeanor. This seems to be going about the limit, as practically it means forbidding the use of automobiles. The proposed measure will bring on some hot discussion, but it may be assumed that it will not go into effect.

* * *

The automobile nowadays turns up as a factor in all sorts of large affairs. In the problem of defence in England it is looked upon as an important feature. For example, negotiations have been in progress between the County of London Territorial Association and the General Motor Cab Company to secure the use of a large proportion of the company's cabs in the event of war.

The scheme includes the provision of 2,000 motor-cabs by the company and a driver for each. The drivers are to be provided with stripes on their sleeve and a badge showing that they are members of the Territorial Reserve Transport. There is no question of enrolment or attestation. The men will come in of their own free will for the honor of the badge and their interest in the work.

The purpose of this unique auxiliary service is to handle troops, ammunition, stores, and wounded quickly. Each car could carry four men with arms, and a certain amount of ammunition. Their main purpose, however, would be to take to the fighting line small ammunition and tinned rations and bring back the wounded.

Although the scheme is at the moment arranged for London only, it will be carried out on similar lines by the Provincial Motor Cab Company in Scotland, the north of England, the Midlands, and on the south coast.

During the week just closed an interesting experiment was made in London by the British War Office to demonstrate the utility of the automobile as a means of rapid military transport to supplement the resources of the railroads. Acting on the assumption that a hostile army had landed at Hastings, and that the railroad was blocked with troop trains, a relieving force of 1,000 men with full war kit and guns was taken to the scene in automobiles. About 500 cars were used, and crowds of people gathered to watch the progress of the column, which was over a mile long. The lighter cars carried the men, while the heavier ones followed with the guns. An average speed of twenty miles an hour was made over the frosty roads. The autos used were loaned by club members.

One of the latest novelties in automobiling is the electromobile, a European device recently introduced in America. It is a little three-wheeled runabout on the plan of a tricycle, suitable for purposes of pleasure or business. And it is said to be very useful for delivery purposes to dealers in small merchandise; also for park and seashore riding, shopping or visiting. The car is front driven. The axis of the motor armature is directly over the centre of the leading wheel. This wheel, with its driving gear and motor, turns as a unit when steering. The gear and motor are carried on ball bearings. The little vehicle can carry a load of from 200 to 300 pounds and can run, it is said, fifty miles on one charge. It can be fitted either for passenger or delivery purposes.

* * *

In Washington a subterranean passage runs from the Capitol to the new Senate office building, and the Capitol officials have had an interesting little problem in transportation to solve in this connection. After the matter had been carefully considered, an automobile line was inaugurated. The cars will run to and from any elevator in the basement designated, and the scheme is said to give every satisfaction. The cars are long and low in construction, with side seats. They are not turned, the subway being narrow, but they are constructed in such a way that the chauffeurs change ends after the custom on stub trolley lines.

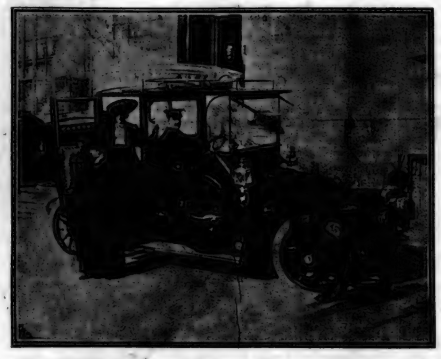
* * *

Dealers are advising car owners to have their tires looked over carefully and, if necessary, repaired and put in good shape early, before the rush and hurry of the touring season. And in this connection the following advice by an auto expert might be a good thing for autoists to fyle away for future reference:

Now that the automobile season is about to open and garages are being visited by eager owners preliminary to putting their cars in commission, those who took the precaution to "jack up" their automobiles in the fall will be rewarded by finding their tires in much better condition than will those careless mortals who overlooked this important matter. It is even better to remove the tires altogether if the car is to remain idle for a long time. The inner tubes should be rolled up and placed inside the covers, wrapping the whole in paper or canvas, after which the bundle may be hung on a peg until wanted.

* * *

L. W. Redington, official route expert for the international endurance run from New York to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, has started out on his path-finding journey. He is making his journey in the car that won the New York to Paris race last year. George Miller, who was the mechanic on this car when it made its victorious round-the-world journey, is driving, with another man as his mechanic. With the party is also an official photographer. Mr. Redington is a New Yorker, and the others are from Buffalo. Before starting two planks were strapped at the sides of the car to be used in getting the machine over bad mud holes. Block and tackle, shovels and axes and coils of rope were other equipment not usually seen on an automobile that were prominent fixtures of the pathfinding car.



ELINOR GLYN AS A MOTORIST

The well-known author of the sensational novel, "Three Weeks," is an enthusiastic autoist. Mrs. Glyn is here shown with her daughter, who is standing on the tonneau step. The picture was taken at Monte Carlo, where she has just finished a new book, "Elizabeth's Visit to America."

* * *

Many a family coachman is becoming a chauffeur, and there seems to be a difference of opinion as to this class of motor-drivers. A writer in a New York daily paper says that no class of chauffeur is more dreaded by manufacturers. He says: "As a rule the one time coachman bitterly resents having to learn his new duties and completely lacks sympathy with his car, displaying a lack of consideration which he would be the first to condemn were a horse in question."

On the other hand, The Review of Reviews states that make about the best drivers. This journal points out that men who have sat on the box are accustomed to driving in city streets, that they have judgment, and that as a rule they take excellent care of their cars, having been used to looking after fine carriages. Along the same line runs the testimony of an instructor in a large school of motor instruction, who says that fifty per cent. of his pupils are former coachmen, young or old, and that they make good chauffeurs, especially for the reason that they have learned to take vehicles seriously.

* * *

The daily news despatches from London, as well as the more leisurely and reflective despatches of the weekly correspondents there, have all referred lately to the astonishing growth of the taxicab habit in the British metropolis. More than 4,000 motor cabs have appeared in the streets of London within the past twelve or eighteen months, and their numbers are increasing at the rate of about 1,500 a year. Drivers and owners of hansoms are driven to despair, and it begins to look as if that famous vehicle — one of the unique institutions of Old Lunnon—was doomed to disappearance. A hansom costing $300 or $400 will now bring next to nothing at a sale.

Two years ago cabmen paid the owners $3.50 a day for the hire of a cab and one change of horses a day, and earned enough at shilling fares to clear about $1.50 a day. Now they cannot afford a daily fee of $1.75. The taxicab seems to be not only a quicker and pleasanter means of transportation than the hansom, but cheaper as well. The public almost unanimously take the tubes, as the London underground is called, for distances above three miles, and the taxicab for shorter distances. The minimum fare by a horse cab is twenty-five cents; the fare for a mile by taxi is sixteen cents, with an addition of four cents for each quarter of a mile above that unit.

So the cab owners and cab drivers as a last desperate effort against extinction have petitioned the Home Secretary to make the use of taximeters compulsory on all horse cabs, with a minimum fare of 12 cents for the first mile. There has been for years an agitation in London for horse taxicabs—not so much in order to secure a lower minimum fare but to do away with the almost inevitable dispute with the cabman when his passenger tendered him the exact legal fare.

* * *

The dog trotting contentedly along between or just back of the rear wheels of a carriage is one of the pleasant remembrances of the time when the horse was supreme, but horse and dog were both rudely disturbed by the advent of the automobile.

Automobiles run too fast for a dog to trot along beside, and as there is not room within the automobile for anything larger than a lap dog the coach dog had to go.

One English automobile firm is now manufacturing an automobile body that opens at the back, disclosing a roomy kennel for dogs, but it is probable that although better than nothing at all this arrangement will not be completely satisfactory to either dog or master.

PNEUMATIC.

Pilgrims.

O H, host upon the dusty way.
Wherefore this pilgrimage, I pray?
The world is wide, this path beside,
Wherein to walk, wherein to ride.
Why do ye crowd these narrow gates?
For love, and gold, and delicates!

The country fields are misted white
With dewy webs strung overnight;
And love is there, and health, and prayer,
And gold for simple needs to spare.
Here on the pavement Sorrow waits
And love, and gold, and delicates!

Too late ye'll rue, too late ye'll turn
To clasp the joys ye now would spurn;
For love is lust, and gold is rust,
And delicates are painted dust.
So wherefore tempt the bitter Fates?
For love, and gold and delicates!

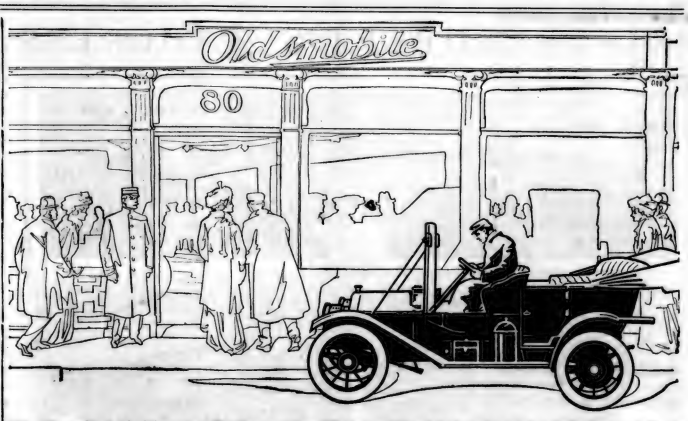
—Helen M. Bullis, in New York Sun.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, 4.05 P.M. AND 6.10 P.M. DAILY.

Via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley (the only double-track route). The 4.05 p.m. carrier Buffet-Parlor-Library car and elegant coaches to Buffalo, and Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. The 6.10 p.m. train has through Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York, and Parlor-Library-Cafe car and coaches to Buffalo; also Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia. Make reservations and secure tickets at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

Mr. William Caven Barron (President, London Conservatory of Music and School of Expression, London, Ont.—now resident of Boston, Mass., with studio at 207 Newbury street) announces a summer home camp on the Atlantic coast, close to Boston. With or without tuition. Sleeping apartments in the home, or in tent-bungalows. Home comforts. Many advantages will be offered in music, expression (under Miss Ethel Maud Tomlinson), domestic science, bathing, athletic and water sports, under a professional instructor. Further information, address as above.

The honorary governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Sir William Mortimer Clark and Mr. D. R. Wilkie.



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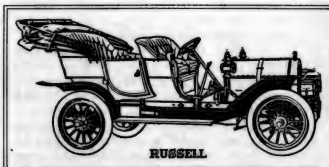

RUSSELL MODEL L, $2,000

PRICE is the very last thing to consider in buying a car—the very last. "Makers' talk," you say? Not at all. It is, or should be, buyers' talk, for it bears directly upon the interests of the buyer, who parts with his money and keeps the car.

Price may mean little or much—you cannot tell which unless you know exactly what you are getting.

Buy your automobile by its VALUE—consider the car before you consider the price.

Russell Model L is the finest car in Canada at anywhere near $2,000—absolutely the finest, no exceptions whatever. Comparison will instantly establish that fact. Its high grade construction places it on a level with foreign built cars costing much more. Its durability, power, riding qualities, and looks are more than you would expect. It is a very economical car to maintain—easy on tires and saving on fuel and oil.

A CAR THAT COSTS ENOUGH TO BE STRICTLY HIGH GRADE.

A Car That's Worth Every Dollar it Costs.

Russell "Thirty" Model H, $2,500

A larger, more powerful motor than Model L—an added touch of luxury and style. Built on very striking lines and magnificently finished.

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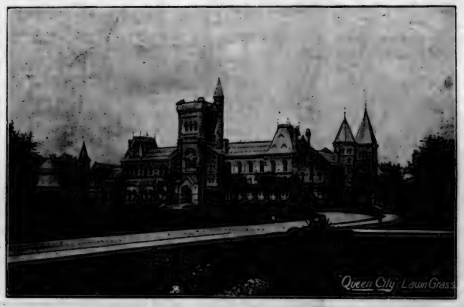

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Muriel Armstrong, of Arnprior, is the guest of Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Bloor street east, and is being welcomed back to Toronto by many friends.

The portrait of Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, which appears in this column, is a recent one, but only partly does justice to the charm and sweetness of the original. Those who know her best, are best aware of her kindness of heart and the unaffected earnestness of her disposition, her bright youthful joy in life and its good things, and her love of seeing all about her happy. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock has many friends, who love her as she deserves, and wish her long years, full of blessings and brightness.

MRS. CAWTHRA MULOCK

Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis, who has been in hospital for some weeks is now convalescent and making a quick recovery. He is, I hear, writing a novel concerning life in Yukon, where he has lived for some years. His first book, "The Letters of a Remittance Man to His Mother," was so good that his readers are expecting something even better when the Yukon book is published.

This evening, at 8.15, L'Alliance Francaise will present two comedies in French at St. Margaret's College. The pieces to be presented are "Le premier prix de piano," by Labiche, and "Le Quatorzieme," by Galipaux. The players include several of the cleverest members of the Cercle.

I hear that Colonel Albert Gooderham is going to have installed in his beautiful residence "Deancroft," a fine pipe organ, similar to that recently put into Euclid Hall, by Mrs. Treble, which her musical friends and home circle are so greatly enjoying.

Mr. W. Grant Morden returned from a sojourn of six months on the West coast, where he has developed large business projects. Mr. Morden spent the week end in town and left for the east on Tuesday, for a few days.

Mrs. Fred Morse, of Winnipeg, who has spent the winter in Toronto, left last week for a trip to the Coast, accompanied by her niece, Miss Madeline Walker.

The next two weeks are proverbially dull, always the dullest of the year, socially speaking, but apt to be so pleasant with first breath of spring that excursions to the country clubs begin to take on special attractions. I hear of a fine new clubhouse to be built at Lorne Park, a nice distance from town on the way to Hamilton. The building and remodelling of various commodious structures will be put in hand at once and finished by June.

Miss M. E. Mills is visiting Mrs. Ellis Newell, of Pasadena, Cal.

The presentation of Mr. Harris' large portrait of Hon. Judge Cassels to Mrs. Cassels took place on Saturday in the Gallery of the Canadian Art Club. The Toronto Golf Club, whose gift the portrait was to their former president, had a dainty tea on that afternoon in the Gallery. Colonel Sweny, of Rohallion, made the presentation, in a very happy speech. Mr. Harris has painted Judge Cassels in the open air, his hat and stick in his hand, as he stands in the shade of great trees, whose trunks form a background. The handsome subject has been treated with distinction and fidelity.

On next Monday evening Mr. Edmund Morris will open an Exhibition of Indian portraits, and collections of objects of Indian Art at the Gallery of the Canadian Art Club, 57 Adelaide street east. Mr. Morris' collection of Indian portraits is unique and immensely interesting and of great value as a lifelike record of a race waning to its ends. For months the artist lived and studied among the red men, and has shown in his portraits that Indians have the variation of expression and contour found in their supplanters. The portraits are fascinatingly strong and vivid.

A farewell dinner was given by Mrs. George Dickson, of St. Margaret's College, to her brilliant graduate, Miss Cornelia Heintzman, on Tuesday evening. Miss Heintzman is very popular with teachers and pupils, and on her concert night received some very beautiful flowers from the members of the O.G.C. Club and Greek Letter Society, of which she is a member.

Professor H. C. Simpson's lecture last Saturday afternoon, at Trinity College, on "English Plays and Playwrights" (16th century), was very much enjoyed by a large audience. The after-hospitalities took place as usual and many compliments were paid the clever lecturer. The afternoon's lecture closes the series, as the Saturdays in Passion and Holy weeks are not given over to these engagements. Professor M. A. Mackenzie, M.A. (Cantab), of Toronto University, lectures this afternoon on "The Sea Dogs," those doughty mariners and warriors of the 16th century. "Dogs of an elder day, who sacked the golden ports."

Mrs. T. M. Harris gave a girls' luncheon on Monday.

Mrs. Austin, of "Spadina," gave a tea yesterday, to which Mrs. Arthurs' old friends were asked to bid her *bon voyage* before her departure for England, where Mrs. Victor Cawthra is also to go with her.

The usual exodus to Atlantic City is beginning; numbers of Torontonians are arranging to spend Easter there.

Mrs. Will Rundle and Miss Flavelle, Queen's Park, have sailed for the Continent.

Those who heard Bertha Kalich in her great presentation of "Marta of the Lowlands" are much anticipating her engagement next week in a very different role.

Mr. Justice Cassels and Mrs. Cassels are up from Ottawa on a short visit to their daughter, Mrs. H. Lockhart Gordon, in Rosedale.

A great many of our friends are taking ship for Naples these days. To all such, I would recommend the perusal *en route* of Robert Hichen's book, "A Spirit in Prison," which has so much about Naples and its surroundings as to throw a keen interest over a few days' sojourn in that city.

Hon. Senator McLaren is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, 29 St. Vincent street.

Mrs. Fitton is in town from Brantford. Miss Evelyn Powell, Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Owen Parry. Mrs. Tom Wood has returned from a visit to her parents in Montreal. Mrs. and Miss Curry have gone to Atlantic City.

Mrs. Villiers Sankey is visiting Lady Sankey, at 32 Grosvenor place, Hyde Park Corner, London.

Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. James were out of town at mid-week, to attend their niece, Miss Burns' wedding.

Mrs. Bruce Riordan and Miss McTavish spent mid-week in Buffalo.

Mrs. and Miss Lake left on Wednesday for a visit to relatives in North Branch, Michigan, and will be away for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, and their daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. and Miss Campbell Macdonald, will go to Atlantic City for a visit. Mr. John Kay and Miss Edith Kay returned from the South last week. Major and Mrs. Peuchen are back from the South. Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis is spending the week-end at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and Miss Cornelia Heintzman left at mid-week for Naples. During their last few days in Toronto a great many family farewells, dinners, luncheons and teas were given to them. The trio intend going from Italy to Switzerland and later to Germany, and their Toronto friends wish them the best of good times.

Mrs. Arthur Rogers (Edith McTavish) is in town for a visit. She arrived from a winter in Florida on Monday with her children and nurse. Mrs. Rogers will shortly return to her home in Winnipeg, and Miss Grace McTavish will accompany her as far as Fort William. Miss McTavish is also in town.

Mrs. Mann (Betty Thomas), of Buffalo, is visiting Miss Blackstock in St. George street.

Mr. W. H. Brouse and Miss Marjory Brouse have gone to Florida.

Even-Song.

Pleasant the ways whereon our feet were led.
Sweet the young hills, the valleys of content,
But now the hours of dew and dream are fled,
Lord, we are spent.

We did not heed Thy warning in the skies,
We have not heard the voice nor known Thy fold,
But now the world is wakening to our eyes,
Lord, we grow old.

Now the sweet strain turns bitter with our fears,
Now dies the star we followed in the west,
Now are we sad and ill at ease with years,
Lord, we would rest.

Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their light,
Weary our hands to toil, our feet to roam,
Our day is past and swiftly falls Thy night,
Lord, lead us home.

—Marjorie Pickthall, in Metropolitan Magazine.

George R. Sims tells that he owes "The Lights o' London," his first dramatics success, to a tramp whose lunch of a raw turnip he once shared.

"We were both tramping in search of work," he writes, "only he was looking for carpentering, and I was looking for 'copy.' It was that tramp who brought to my mind, as we came to Highgate Archway, and saw the far-off glare of the city, the remark of Noah Claypole, made to his unfortunate female companion at the same spot. 'Much further? Yer as good as there,' said the long-legged tramper, pointing out before him. 'Look there! Those are the lights o' London.'

"And years afterwards I remembered the scene and the words, and used them, first as the title of a song, and then of a play."—M. A. P.

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A naval seaman has once every day to salute the quarter-deck of his ship, even if no officer is upon it. "Salada" Tea is in such popular favor that many people feel like saluting a packet wherever seen.

The Rev. Dr. Shannon would have the word "obey" expunged from the marriage service. That would eliminate the only humorous feature of the ceremony.—Washington Post.

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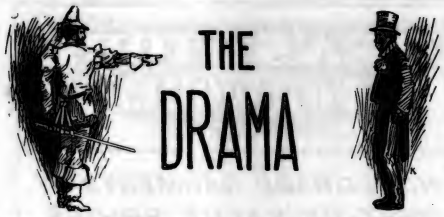
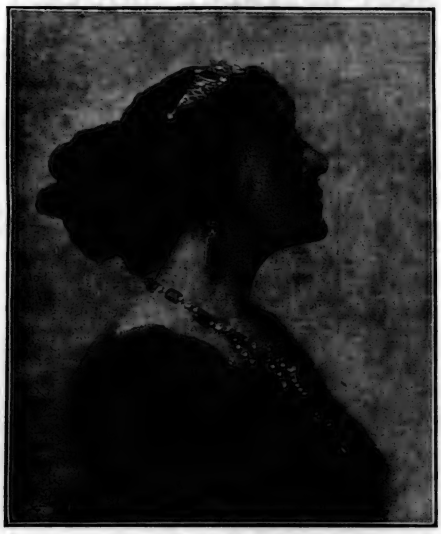


THE DRAMA



BERTHA KALICH.

THERE are some plays which people ought to go and see, because they are sure to have a very good time—opportunities for which are not so frequent as they might be on the latter-day stage. There are other plays which one ought to go and see, because they are productions of such serious purpose and of such intellectual importance that they have a high educative value. Such plays place a sort of duty of attendance on the public. And to this class belongs "Peer Gynt," in which Louis James is now appearing at the Princess. It is a very elaborate and in many respects a very worthy production of one of the greatest creations of Henric Ibsen, and as such it is entitled to serious consideration and to public encouragement.

It is a very low view of the stage which would represent it as merely the pastime of an idle evening. The theatre presents a form of art which has a higher purpose than the furnishing of a vacant laugh to a disgruntled business man after his day's work, or a chance to show her clothes off to an idle woman. These are good purposes, too, and the art of making weary people forget their cares for a few hours is not to be treated with lofty contempt. But there are other purposes. The stage shares with other forms of art, and to a greater extent than most of them, the high mission of being a criticism of life, an interpretation in some measure of this unintelligible world. This, however, is an aspect of the stage to which comparatively little attention is paid. Theatrical managers find that serious productions seldom give anything approaching the returns from the lighter and more ephemeral forms of dramatic art; and as they are business men who have taken up the work for other reasons than "the good of their health," they naturally devote themselves to the most profitable side of the work. There is, therefore, all the more reason why the public should give their support to such few serious productions as they are given the opportunity of witnessing.

Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"—by many regarded as his masterpiece—is a tragi-comedy of human life, belonging to the same class of work as "Faust," but of course entirely different in its spirit and method of treatment, and also on a much lower plane than Goethe's great work. It is, however, a tremendous creation, typical of the Norse mind and also of the spirit of this newest age. A recognition of this has led to its translation into every important language, and to lengthy and subtle commentaries by the world's foremost critics. Although not originally intended for the stage, it was finally produced with some measure of success, to which Grieg's music contributed largely. Finally Richard Mansfield undertook an American production on the elaborate scale he always followed, and it is this production which Mr. James is now presenting.

There is some reason to doubt whether or not "Peer Gynt" is well adapted to stage production, especially as even in its present cumbersome stage form many of the original beauties of the poem have been cut out. There is also reason to doubt whether Mr. James is very well cast in the title role. Mr. James is an actor of long experience and excellent ability. In such roles as Falstaff or Bottom he is almost unequalled in this country. But when he undertakes to play a boisterous boy as in the first acts of "Peer Gynt," he simply doesn't fit. Later on, however, in Peer's manhood and middle age he fills the part to better advantage. But while there are undoubtedly many points on which fault might be found, it still remains to be said that the production is a careful and meritorious one of a most remarkable work, and as such it deserves the support of the theatre-going public—of such, at least, as attach any serious importance at all to dramatic art.

* * *

"GIRLS," the Clyde Fitch play, which is at the Alexandra this week, is a typical work of the man who writes plays to sell and sells more of them and at higher rates than any other man in America. It is bright and snappy and goes with a swing, in spite of being played by a second-rate company, as is frequent in return engagements.

LULU GLASER
As Mlle. Mischief.

IT is a pleasure to be able to say that Robert Mantell has scored a big hit in New York with a revival of one of Shakespeare's little-used plays, "King John." This play is so seldom put on the stage, that it comes as a real novelty to the public, and Mr. Mantell deserves success, if for nothing else than his courage. But he has much else. He has achieved another artistic triumph in the role of the king, and the critics are jubilant over his work. William Winter devotes two columns to it, and calls it the most important dramatic event of the year. Another influential critic welcomes it "with respect and gratitude," while the comments of all are distinctly favorable. It can thus be seen that at last Mr. Mantell is coming to his own, which cannot fail to afford great pleasure to the many who have watched his rise from "The Corsican Brothers" and similar work to the position of the most serious and devoted actor on the American stage, and also one of the most capable.

Regarding Mr. Mantell's interpretation of the role of King John one of the critics says: "Mr. Mantell . . . endues the miserable sovereign at once with a dangerous personality, a nervous temperament, a disquieted mind, a sinister look, and an impetuous, irascible demeanor—making him a man who, while bold in pretension and expeditious in movement, is, furtively, ill at ease, continually rancorous and capable of evil, and yet, at vital moments, weakly irresolute. His impersonation, accordingly, is all of one piece, so that, when he reaches the King's temptation of Hubert to do a murder, he only fully reveals a nature that he has already indicated. That terrible speech of King John to Hubert—'I had a thing to say'—he speaks in a hollow undertone, placing, however, a distinct, blood-curdling emphasis on the conclusive phrases—'Death' —'A grave!'—and enforcing them with gesture and glance so baleful, and of such fatal meaning, that the observer shudders with horror. The sudden change to grisly exultation, with the words 'I could' be merry now!' intensifies that impartment of dread. Indeed, the whole treatment of the temptation scene is admirable for its investiture of wickedness with plausibility, and for its subtle transparency—the suggestion of treachery; cruelty, and hideous crime being made in such a way that Hubert's acceptance of it and compliance with it seem unconstrained and natural."

Next Week's Bills.

Royal Alexandra—Bertha Kalich.

Princess—Lulu Glaser in "Mlle. Mischief".

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Gayety—"Mardi Gras Beauties."

Grand—"School Days."

BERTHA KALICH is a great actress—one who is worth seeing in almost any role—and her coming to the Royal Alexandra next week will be eagerly looked forward to by all who have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with her wonderful art. She is beyond doubt one of the greatest, if not the greatest, emotional actress in America, and it is a satisfaction to learn that in "The Unbroken Road" she has a role which gives her splendid abilities the opportunity which is all they need. This is a new play and it has not as yet been taken to New York, but very favorable reports of it are given from the cities in which it has been presented. It is by Thomas Dickinson, an American author, and is the first home-made play in which she has appeared in this country.

"The Unbroken Road" is the story of Eva Fellanova, who, to secure the triumph of the man who has befriended her offers to make the greatest sacrifice a woman can. But the terrible price is not demanded, and all ends happily as a play should, to the sound of merry marriage bells. The scene is laid in the capital of a Western State and the action centres around Eva, the Governor of the State, and two political bosses. The role of Eva is said to be full of splendid dramatic possibilities of the kind peculiarly adapted to the genius of Mme. Kalich. Her company includes Frederick Truesdell, Eugene Ormond, Thomas Coleman, Riley Chamberlain and Blanche Weaver.

* * *

It would be difficult to find in all the topsy-turvy realm of musical comedy a more popular or winsome little lady than Lulu Glaser, who is coming to the Princess next week in "Mlle. Mischief." Like "The Merry Widow," this is a Viennese comic opera, with music by Carl M. Ziehrer, who has a very considerable reputation as a creator of tuneful melodies. The opera enjoyed quite a success in New York, where it ran twenty-two weeks. This is said to be the entire original company which Toronto is getting, and it includes Will Roselle, Josie Intropodi, Alexander Clark, Ada Henry, Roy Atwell, Robert Broderick, Will Carleton, Frank Farrington, Ethel Intropodi, Gertrude Darrel, besides a large and comely chorus.

The story of "Mlle. Mischief" relates how a young Austrian girl, Rosette by name, who is an artist's model, makes a wager that she will enter and remain twenty-four hours within an Austrian garrison without her sex being discovered. In passing through this experience the audacious Rosette meets with many adventures, some of which entail no little embarrassment, and give rise to many comic situations.

* * *

The programme for Shea's next week contains Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne in Cressy's comedy, "The Wyoming Whoop"; Montgomery and Moore; "La Petite Revue," a singing act; as well as Clifford and Burke, Kelly and Rose, Mattie Lockette, and Kartella Bros.

* * *

A men's chorus, in addition to the usual girl choristers, is an innovation in burlesque that Andy Lewis will present with his Mardi Gras Beauties at the Gayety Theatre next week. Andy Lewis himself has the principal comedy parts in two musical comedies and reviews, and there is an olio with half a dozen acts.

* * *

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will follow Bertha Kalich at the Royal Alexandra, and will in its turn give way to William Faversham in "The World and His Wife."

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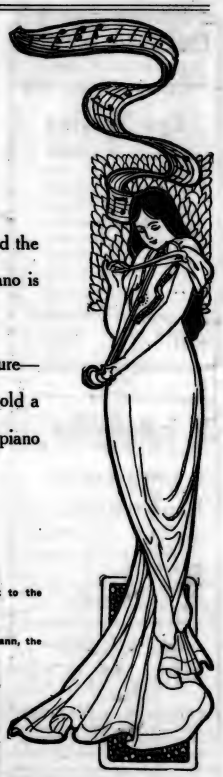

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MUSIC

WITH the concert of The People's Choral Union last Tuesday evening in Massey Hall, the season of Choral Music is almost over, and Mr. Fletcher deserves the heartiest congratulations for his successes which were honestly won in the face of obstacles that would have crushed a less determined and less enthusiastic man. All through the rehearsals of The Schubert Choir he was not only hampered by the illness of his daughter, who was the regular accompanist for the chorus, but a number of wearing mishaps of various kinds kept him in a state of uncertainty most of the time. However, he persevered and his concert was by all odds the best that The People's Choral Union has given. It is gratifying to see the way this chorus is supported. The hall was well filled with friends of the singers and the supporters of the work that it is doing, which I consider one of the most valuable educational influences in the city.

Of course, the best singing was done in the part songs, such as "The Bells of Aberdovey," "Come Dorothy, Come," "My Love is Like a Red Red Rose," and "The Lass of Richmond Hill," although "O Canada" developed a full, ringing ensemble. But the work was surprisingly good in "Jerusalem" from Gounod's "Gallia," in which Miss Louise Williams, a pupil of Mr. Fletcher, sang the solo and helped win a well-earned recall; and in Sullivan's "O Gladsome Light." Both of these numbers showed how thoroughly and well Mr. Fletcher has worked with his hitherto untrained forces, and he should feel proud of the results.

Miss Williams's voice rang out clear and true above the chorus and her enunciation was so good that every word could be heard. Another pupil, Mr. F. W. Robinson, also made a favorable impression, and added to the laurels of his teacher.

Mme. Jomelli gave me more pleasure than any singer I have heard this season. Her voice is beautiful and sympathetic and her vocalization, barring her trill, are almost perfect. As an interpreter she has great versatility and resource. In the arias and the simple songs she was equally at home, and equally artistic. Nothing was too trivial to be well done, and nothing so difficult to be done easily. That she is a great dramatic singer one could realize when she sang the aria from Charpentier's "Louise." Throughout she used the utmost discretion in the emission of her voice. Her fortissimoes were never forced and the pianissimoes always pure and distinct. She was graciousness personified, and paid the chorus the compliment of singing directly to it one of her most charming songs. Mrs. Blight played her accompaniments so sympathetically that Mme. Jomelli made her share in the applause, which was as kind as it was deserved.

But for Mr. Lautz, Mr. Lissant Beardmore might have had some very disastrous times. He was guided safely through the dangerous places and on the whole sang very well. He has a beautiful natural voice, but one is never quite sure what he is going to do with it. One thing he must learn and that is that a voice is merely a means to an end, and if one does not grasp the poetic contents of a song he had better not sing it. Following his own suggestion, I ask him to pay more attention to his deportment on the stage. He does not hold himself well, and stands with bent knees and feet too far apart. By attending to these details, and by paying more attention to the meaning of the poems and the rhythm of the music he sings, he should make a pleasing singer. Mr. Lautz has already had an indirect compliment, and now I pay him a direct one. He is always artistic in everything he does, and nowhere is his musicianship more in evidence than when he plays accompaniments.

Miss P. Chelew and Miss Grace Fletcher, the chorus accompanistes, did all that they had to do well. Again, I want to congratulate Mr. Fletcher, not only on this concert, but for every concert he has conducted this season.

* * *

During the past week I managed to attend three piano recitals and was unfortunately prevented from attending two others. Those I missed were given by pupils of Mr. Fairclough, whom I admire very much personally and in whose work I take a great interest, and by a pupil of Dr. Torrington, Miss Alma Victoria Clarke. I have always found that a pupil of Dr. Torrington has something to say, and generally says it in a characteristic way

RICHARD STRAUSS OF TO-DAY
"One listens to the finer pages in all his later music," says an English music critic "with a sorrowful distaste for the din and dirt."

that makes a recital worth hearing, consequently I had fully intended to hear Miss Clarke, but could not get to the College in time.

* * *

Monday night I heard Miss Cornelia Heintzman, a pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, play a very exacting programme in a way that would have been admirable even in an experienced pianiste. One does not and should not look for much interpretation in a young pupil's playing of big works. If he gets through without too many false notes and without completely losing his sense of rhythm, that is as much as one can hope for, but Miss Heintzman really gave a recital. Perhaps the Beethoven "Sonata" was not played as freely as she undoubtedly plays it at other times, but it went well enough to put everyone at ease for the rest of the programme. In her second group she found herself and played exquisitely, and when she reached the Rubinstein "Staccato Etude" she was mistress of herself and the keyboard. She took it at a tremendous tempo, but without the slightest indistinctness and with the utmost clarity of tone. It was a magnificent *tour de force*, and called out a storm of applause. With Mr. Tripp at the second piano she played the first movement of the Tschaikowsky "Concerto." In this her reserve and restraint were little short of marvellous, and her musicianship a delight. It was a fine performance, full of dash and *esprit*.

Miss Kathleen Howard substituted for Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, who was ill, and sang charmingly. Her voice is beautifully poised, her enunciation clear and clean, and she is on the right road to become a real artiste. Miss Ethel Shepherd has wrought wonders with Miss Howard's voice since I last heard it.

* * *

On Tuesday night I first went to the Conservatory to hear Mr. E. J. Seitz, a pupil of Dr. Vogt. Mr. Seitz began with Beethoven's "Waldstein Sonata," of which he played the first movement. As with Miss Heintzman, I was impressed by the repose and control which were wonderful. Whatever he did was done by intention, and always with remarkable grasp of the work in its entirety. At no time were the notes an opportunity for technical display but always the symbols of the composer's ideas and emotions. The "Vorspiel to Kistler's Kunihild" was played as though he had carefully studied the full score, and each theme was clearly revealed. The rest of this group gave him opportunities to show his technique, and he has enough to cope with almost anything in modern piano literature. I am sorry that I could not hear him and Miss Allen play the Hiller concerto. It is just the sort of thing that he would enjoy playing, and I know from the way he plays the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire" how well he would play it. I heard enough to warrant my saying that if he perseveres he will be one of the best, if not the best pupil Dr. Vogt has turned out. There is something about him that recalls Douglas Bertram, who, had he lived, would have done great things.

* * *

Miss Norma Florence Johnston chose a programme fully as exacting as the others I've mentioned. She began with the Grieg "Sonata, Opus 7," which I did not hear. I got in time for the second group, in which were a Chopin etude and nocturne, Moszkowski's "La Jongleuse and Spanish Caprice," and Mendelssohn's "Caprice" from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. She is easily the most temperamental player of the three, and consequently not quite so sure, but she has a charm all her own. She was not quite herself in the etude, but she recovered in the nocturne, and from then on she played beautifully. She is poetically rhythmical; that is, the Innigkeit of the composition dominates the pulses of the time units, and while the general form is preserved one is charmed by infinite variety in the detail. She is still too young to be anything but a pupil, but she is a tremendously interesting and individual one. While she is doing what she is told she is also reaching out for something more, and before very long she will find what she is groping for, and then she'll grow apace. She plays wonderfully well and like a healthy, normal girl. I had feared a Wunderkind, and my joy when I was disappointed cannot be expressed.

* * *

I have not heard Mr. Barnaby Nelson for over a year, and was not prepared for the advance he has made as a singer. His voice is "placed"; one realizes that he knows what he is doing, and he has temperament. Occasionally he is a little nasal, and he has a tendency to drag his songs, but he sings well; and Miss Strong has every reason to be proud of what she has done for him. I want to hear both of these young artists at greater length at the first opportunity.

* * *

Mr. Wheeldon is playing the following programme this afternoon at four in the Metropolitan Church: "Overture to Zampa," Herold; "Spring Song," Weatherly; "Finale of 4th Sonata," by Guilmant; "Priere," by St. Saens; an arrangement of Arcadelt's "Ave Maria" (which was used in the production of "Everyman"), introducing the chimes; and four movements of a suite by Gounod. To-day's recital was to have been the last, but it has been decided to give two more.

* * *

A short time ago a collection of Heine Songs by Mr. Henry J. Lautz was sent me, and I was delighted to get it. I have known the songs in MSS. for several years and wondered why they had not seen the light of print. The first, "'Twas in the Lovely Month of May," is a gem. I like it quite as well as I do the Schumann setting, which it does not in the remotest way suggest, as Mr. Lautz has taken an absolutely different point of view and has made his song redolent of the joy of spring. In fact in all the songs from the Dichterliebe one can say that there is not the slightest trace of Schumann influence. They are thoroughly original, and thoroughly musicianly. I have always esteemed Mr. Lautz very highly and think that he is one of our most talented and best equipped musicians, and these Heine Songs fully verify all that I think of him.

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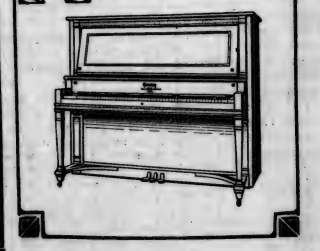

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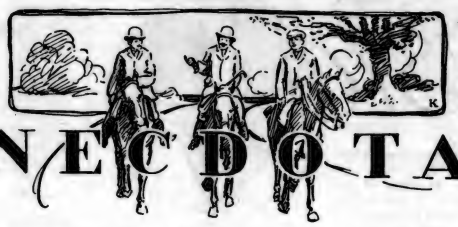

ANECDOTAL

AUSTRALIANS still tell stories of the C. I. V.'s, although the war is a far memory. One, a member of the Stock Exchange, was left one wet and miserable night to guard a wagonload of goods. He shivered in the unsheltered place for some hours pondering many things, and then a bright thought struck him just as the colonel came around on his tour of inspection.

"Colonel," he asked, "how much is this wagon worth?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Much or little, we can't afford to lose it."

"Well, but colonel," persisted the amateur soldier, "you might give me a rough idea of the value."

"About £200," said the colonel testily.

"Very well," was the answer, "I will come down to the camp and give you a check for the amount. Then I'll turn in. I wouldn't catch my death of cold for twice that much."

What the colonel said is not recorded.

* * *

SHORTLY after his rise to the bench, a certain county judge had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks the judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said.

After he had been remanded to jail one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when his honor was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the convicted one.

"I mean when the judge was telling you you must go to prison for life."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I never paid no attention to Dick Coleman; he ain't no public speaker nohow!"

* * *

WHEN General Schenck, whose greatest fame rests upon his having introduced the game of poker into England, first arrived in London as American minister to the court of St. James, he took a little of his spare time to visit the sights of the British capital. Among other places he visited Mme. Tussaud's wax works.

"And what do you think of our great wax work exhibition?" asked a friend.

"Well," replied the general, "it struck me as being very like the ordinary English evening party."

* * *

FRANK DANIELS, early in his career, was principal in a small company that was touring "the provinces." Business had been poor and eating had become a luxury. It was only the cheering knowledge that the new opera house at Ticonderoga, N.Y., had been almost sold out for their performance that kept them together.

"Wait until we get to Ticonderoga,' the manager would say to any one who faintly suggested the price of a breakfast.

Finally they did reach Ticonderoga. It was eventide, and a rosy glow illumined the western sky.

"Ah, me," sighed Daniels to the stage driver. "The sun may set in other places, but never as it does here. Behold yon—"

"Sunset!" growled the driver. "Sunset ——. That's the opry house burnin' down."

* * *

NAPOLEON once received Blucher at the Castle of Finkenstein, while he was preparing for the siege of Danzig. He drew him to a window in an upper story, and paid him compliments on his military gifts, and Blucher, going away delighted, described the interview to his aide-de-camp.

"What a chance you missed!" exclaimed the latter. "You might have changed the whole course of history.'

"How?"

"Why, you might have thrown him out of the window!"

"Confound it!" replied Blucher. "So I might! If only I had thought of it!"

THE daughters of a certain charming old lady are frequently much upset by the odd social blunders of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindliness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls, when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to commit no *faux pas*, and as she went downstairs was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs — Meggs — Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call, the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't—"

"No, Clara" replied the mother, emphatically, "I didn't. I was *so* careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said, 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"

* * *

AT the ninety-eighth dinner of the New York Sphinx Club at the Waldorf-Astoria recently, Claude C. Hopkins, who gets a salary of $1,000 a week as head of Lord & Thomas's copy department, told of a man who had been saved from starvation by the right kind of a want ad.:

"This man," said the speaker, found himself stranded in New York with only $5 between himself and starvation. He advertised for work, describing himself as thirty-one, honest, and with good references. There were 700 advertisements of a similar nature in the paper, and he got no work.

"Then he further impaired his capital by putting in another advertisement, which read: 'Is there work on God's green earth for an honest man who must have it?' This man had the choice of sixty jobs the next day and he is to-day a wealthy and influential resident of New York. Incidentally, he is a member of this party to-night."

* * *

REAR-Admiral the Hon. Stanley Colville has a pretty gift in the art of punning. A friend called on him on one occasion to introduce a youth who, smitten with a love of the sea, was about to abandon a lucrative position he held in a draper's shop for the cockpit.

"So you are going to sea, are you?" asked the Admiral.

"Yes, sir."

"To what department of industry, may I ask, do you now devote your energies?"

"To silk, sir," responded the lad.

"Well, go to sea," responded the Admiral, "and it will be worsted."

* * *

ASLATER who was engaged upon the roof of a house in Glasgow fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians in the street who rushed to the aid of the poor man chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and, to revive him, began to pour a little down his throat.

"Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking on, "or you'll choke him."

The "unconscious" slater opened his eyes and said quietly: "Pour awa' mon, pour awa'; ye're doein' fine."

* * *

IT was at a farm boarding house, and the new boarder, who had eaten four or five breakfasts there, began to wonder why the eggs were invariably served fried.

"See here," he inquired one morning of the genial colored man who waited upon him, "why do you always fry eggs here? Don't you ever boil them?"

"Oh, yes, sah," responded the waiter pleasantly. "Of co'se, yo' kin have 'em boiled if yo' wants 'em. But yo' know sah, yo' takes de risk!"

HENRY FARMAN, the aviator, during his American visit seemed as much impressed with the diminutive proportions of some of New York's flats as with the height of her skyscrapers or the immensity of her hotel bills.

"I visited a Brooklyn aeronautical experimenter the other night," said Mr. Farman to a reporter, "and his flat was the smallest I've seen yet. It showed me the point of a joke I once heard an American make. I laughed then at this joke, which I had heard two years before.

"'Smith, of Brooklyn,' I said to my American friend, "doesn't strike me as at all literary, yet he declares he only feels really comfortable and content when snugly ensconced in his library.'

"'Well, you see,' my companion explained, 'Smith's bookcase is a folding bed.'"

* * *

A LITTLE boy of eight years, attending school away from home, wrote a letter to his sister, from which the following extract is taken:

"We had a spelling-match in school to-day, and I spelled all the boys down and won the Meddle."

* * *

A PERSISTENT lawyer who had been trying to establish a witness' suspicious connection with an offending railroad was at last elated by the witness' admission that he "had worked on the railroad."

"Ah!" said the attorney with a satisfied smile. "You said you have worked on the P. T. & X.?"

"Yes."

"For how long a period?"

"Off and on for seven years, or since I have lived at Peacedale, on their line."

"Ah! You say you were in the employ of the P. T. & X. for seven years, off and on?"

"No. I did not say that I was employed by the P. T. & X. I said that I had worked on the road, off and on, for that length of time."

"Do you wish to convey the impression that you have worked for the P. T. & X. for seven years without reward?" asked the attorney.

"Absolutely without reward," the witness answered calmly. "For seven years, off and on, I've tried to open the windows in the P. T. & X. cars, and never once have I succeeded."

* * *

IN order to play "Rosemary" some years ago, John Drew shaved off his moustache, thereby greatly changing his appearance. Shortly afterward he met Max Beerbohm in the lobby of a London theatre, but could not just then recall who the latter was. Mr. Beerbohm's memory was better.

"Oh, Mr. Drew," he said, "I'm afraid you don't know me without your moustache."

* * *

BRANDER MATHEWS, professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, recently told the following story to one of his English classes by way of illustration:

"A little girl whom I know very well was naughty one day. In fact, she was so bad that, other corrections failing, her mother took her upstairs to whip her. While the proceedings were going on, the bedroom door opened and the little girl's brother started to come in. The little girl, however, heard the noise as the knob turned in the door.

"Changing her position slightly as she lay across her mother's knee, she said, 'Eddie, go out! Can't you see we're busy?'"

* * *

IT is often pleasanter to theorize than to perform. A young law student was once making a study of certain processes of his future profession. He showed an inclination to sit in the house and speculate idly instead of doing some of the domestic tasks which stood waiting.

"Deduction is an interesting process," declared the youth to his father. "For example, there is a heap of ashes in the yard. That is evidence that the family has recently had fires."

"Well, John," interposed his father, "suppose you pursue your studies a little farther by going out and sifting that evidence."

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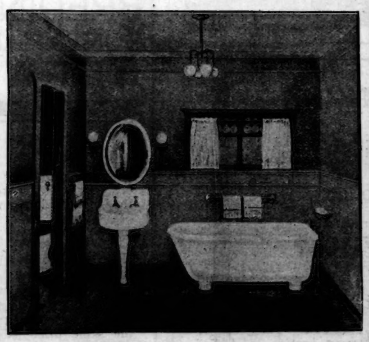

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Lady Gay's Column

THE young gentleman whose mother thought him still a boy, was being shown the latest maternal extravagance, a ball gown glittering with spangles. "Humph," said young Master, "that may do well enough for an old lady, but girls wouldn't wear it. Fancy any fellow asking a girl to sit out a dance in a dark corner with a thing like that on!" Whereupon mother awakened with a start from her dream of little son's innocent boyhood, and takes what satisfaction she can out of it by retailing the incident to her friends.

Away off down the coast of Newfoundland there is a pleased girl this day, for her picture won second prize in a recent beauty contest in a big paper of a big city. I had occasion once to write about this girl, and to tell how very attractive and stylish-looking she was, looking indeed more like Fifth avenue than the rocky little paths of her Newfoundland home. Some one of her Canadian relatives sent in her photo for the competition of "Typical Scotch Girls," and the first the girl knew about it was the notification that she was the winner of the second prize. I should like to see the first, just to be sure I've no disagreement with the judges!

Has anybody ever said that the young girls who are devoting months and years of their early lives to the study of elocution might be better employed? That the many young women who are rending the air with shrieks and wails of vocal gymnastics, or pounding innoffensive pianos are not laying up useful stores of knowledge in nine cases out of ten? This is written with no animus against any one of the flourishing institutions which train the singer, the instrumentalist, or the girl who insists that "curfew shall not ring tonight." But somehow I tire of the mediocre singer, the unmagnetic pianist, the squirming and the unnaturally pitched voice of the young lady who elocutes. Friends fill halls to hear the efforts of these young ladies; now and then, critics can honestly remark they're "not ha'f bad," generally the reporter takes a few non-committal terms of commendation off their well-worn hooks and strews them down a paragraph, or if the personal friends or even the fair star herself should write the account, unprofessional superlatives are plenty, and people are apt to smile. A few weeks ago I was asked by a very enterprising young woman to go and hear her play or sing or recite, and she finished her invitation with these words: "I want you just as a friend, Lady Gay. I'll hand you a short account of the entertainment, as I wish it to be put in the paper." I didn't go, because of other engagements, nor did I get the promised hand-out, but I saw an account elsewhere which I had not a great deal of difficulty in recognizing as the work of the fair one herself. The funny part of it was, that owing to a sudden illness, she didn't perform at all.

Three weeks! not by Elinor Glyn this time, but "by the doctor's orders." Three weeks in three rooms, with excursions into the flat of the little ladies next door, to strum on their piano, or to exchange grippe symptoms! And all the world going on gaily outside in the brilliant March sunshine and the treacherous March winds! How bright and lively and gay it looks from the wrong side of the pane. How sweet the outdoor air and the feel of the pavement under one's feet, instead of the carpet, if only one might go out. There are ameliorations, 'tis true, such as mountains coming to Mahomet, when Mahomet can't go to the mountain, and violets and clove-carnations and hyacinths and lovely velvety wall-flowers and a blooming white lilac tree, and great bountiful azaleas, and perky little ferns all a-blowing and a-growing, while one has plentiful leisure to love and tend them. All the gentle pleasant friendly little gifts of books and goodies and kind words. And much gratitude they stir in me, though pushed aside by the great longing to get away from them all—out of this cosy prison, into God's open air again. LADY GAY.

This joke from The London Globe is a tip for Clyde Fitch, and others: "I've got a bright idea for my new farce," said the up-to-date young dramatist. "Instead of opening with a housemaid dusting the furniture and telling the audience the plot, I'm going to bring on a vacuum cleaner with phonographic attachment."—London Globe.

Society at the Capital

THE one large function of last week's list was the second reception given by the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, which, like its predecessor, took place in the Senate reception rooms on Wednesday evening. The new cafe was for the occasion converted into a reception and ballroom, one side having been set apart for dancing and divided from the other half by groups of luxuriant palms. As at the former event of the kind, potted flowers and shrubs were arranged around the walls and banked high in each corner. In honor of the patron saint of the day—St. Patrick—the decorations on the buffet in the dining-room were carried out entirely in green, potted shamrocks and smilax being utilized in combination with tall silver candelabra shaded in green. A gramophone in one of the ante-rooms afforded extra entertainment by reproducing some pretty operatic airs. An orchestra was also in attendance and provided inspirating music for dancing, which was entered into by some of the younger people for a short time. The hostesses were Mrs. W. S. Fielding, who was gowned in black sequinned net; Mrs. Frank Oliver, who wore an exquisite gown of blue chiffon velvet richly embroidered in gold; Lady Borden, gowned handsomely in black satin, inlet with cream guipure motifs; Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth, wearing a particularly smart gown of cream satin embroidered in a pink rosebud design; Madame Rodolphe Lemieux, in white satin embroidered in gold; Mrs. Geo. P. Graham, in pearl grey satin; Mrs. L. P. Brodeur, most becomingly gowned in pale blue chiffon embroidered in the same shade; Miss Murphy in a rich cream satin gown with trimmings of old rose pointe lace, and Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, also in cream satin with handsome lace on the corsage. Unfortunately, as at the previous reception, Lady Laurier was unable to appear owing to the heavy cold from which she has been suffering for some time. As, however, she is now well enough to leave her room, everyone hopes to see her at the next event of the kind, which will probably be the last one of the season.

A very bright and enjoyable dinner-dance was given in the Senate Chambers by Hon. David and Mrs. MacKeen, of Halifax, on Tuesday evening in honor of their daughter's guest, Miss Mary Kingman, of Montreal. The table decorations were very daintily carried out with roses and smilax, and about forty young people thoroughly enjoyed the event, especially after the long dearth of dances. Miss Kingman returned to Montreal the following day.

Among others who entertained at charmingly arranged dinners were Sir Louis and Lady Davies on Thursday evening, when their guests included Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Hon. Herbert and Mrs. Bostock, Hon. J. H. and Mrs. Wilson, Hon. J. V. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Justice Anglin, Lord Lascelles, A.D.C., Mr. and Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. George Burn, and Mr. A. R. Warburton, M.P., of Prince Edward Island.

Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr also entertained in the same evening at a perfectly appointed dinner, in special honor of their guest, Mrs. Ben Cronyn, of Toronto, when those who enjoyed their hospitality included Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. R. and Madame Dandurand, Hon. R. and Madame Lemieux, Hon. Jules and Madame Tessier, Hon. F. T. and Mrs. Frost, Hon. Robert and Mrs. Mackay, Hon. G. and Mrs. Ryley, Hon. G. T. and Mrs. Baird, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. H. B. McGiverin, M.P., and Mrs. McGiverin, and Mrs. Crombie. Another dinner on the same evening had Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff as host and hostess. Hon. Sydney Fisher on Friday evening entertained a small party of his fellow M.P.'s at a most enjoyable dinner, and two large "sessional" dinners at Government House on Wednesday and Saturday evenings included a long list of Senators and members of Parliament, besides several citizens at each.

Miss Alice Corby, of Belleville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara, and Mr. O'Hara, in Wurtemberg street, and Mrs. O'Hara will shortly accompany Miss Corby and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Corby, on a trip to Atlantic City, where they will remain for several weeks. THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 22, 1909.

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MUSIC NOTES

The following programme was presented at the weekly recital of Dr. Torrington's pupils, at the Toronto College of Music: Piano, Chopin, "Nocturne Op. 32, No. 1," Hazel Hicks; Chopin, "Polonaise in C Sharp Minor"; "Valse, Op. 42"; Sinding, "Rustle of Spring," Ethel Freeland; Chopin, "Nocturne in E flat;" Mendelssohn, "Spinning Song," Marian Porter; Moszkowski, "En Automne," Mamie McDonald; Mendelssohn, "Spring Song;" Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto," Lillian Haggarty; Chopin, "Berceuse in D flat;" Liszt, "Rhapsodie, No. 12," Alma Clarke. Vocal—Bartlett, "The Day is Ended," Isabel Shaw-Wood; Venzano, "Magnetic Valse," Lillian Haggarty; Cantor, "O Fair, O Sweet and Holy," Evelyn Hall; Ganz, "I Seek for Thee in Every Flower," Winnie Halladay; Croome, "When All is Still," Dollie Blair; Ernani, "Ernani Involami" (Ernani), Olive Casey. Organ—Stainer, "Allegro and Fantasia," Hazel Hicks; Lemare, "Elgy in G;" Wagner Grand March from "Tannhauser," George Graham.

* * *

One of the most successful piano recitals of the season was given on Monday evening, March 22, at the Toronto College of Music, by Miss Alma Victoria Clarke, of Victoria, B.C., a talented young pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, of whom he has every reason to be proud. She played a difficult programme entirely from memory, and a glance at some of the numbers will show that this was a feat of no mean order. She possesses in a marked degree the requisites which go to make a fine player, having the strength, the hands, the ability, and the soul, and as she is only sixteen years of age, these things, combined with her youth, should be sufficient to some day place her in the front rank. She was very ably assisted by Miss Eveline Ashworth, who sang with good expression and clearness of enunciation. The college was crowded to its utmost capacity. Melos.

* * *

The success of the play "An Englishman's Home" has led to the writing of a new patriotic song, which is called by the same name. The music, which was written by Gordon Temple, who has several very singable songs to his credit, is tuneful, and some idea of its sentiment may be gathered from the refrain, which I quote:

Men of the Motherland,
Answer the call!
Rally around the flag
Whate'er befall!
Shoulder your rifles then,
Sons of the foam,
Defenders of England,
And the Englishman's Home!

If Mr. Teschermacher had seen fit to make the appeal a little broader, including some of the colonies, his song would have a better chance of becoming an Empire song, which is sorely needed to-day. Why doesn't someone set George Barlow's "England, Ho! For England"? That would make a proper federation song and would reach wherever the Union Jack waves.

* * *

At the recital given by pupils of Miss Jean E. Williams in the Conservatory Music Hall last Thursday evening, an interesting programme was presented, comprising some twenty songs and arias by various composers. Some very excellent work was done and while, in a programme of that length, it is impossible to mention every pupil, several were worthy of a special word of praise, namely Miss Helen M. Davison, whose voice of fine quality and wide range showed to advantage in her numbers; Huntington-Woodman, "An Open Secret"; Chadwick, "Request"; and "Von Suppe, Canto de Leila," with violin obligato; Miss Nora Hayes, A.T.C.M.; Miss Lily Wilson, a mezzo soprano of good quality, who sang Victor Harris' "The Hills of Skye"; Miss Edith Walker, whose number, "O Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn) was beautifully sung; Miss Winnifred Huntington, the possessor of a sweet lyric soprano, who sang Victor Harris's "The Hills of Skye"; Miss Olive Mulloy, who sang "Temple on the Adrian Sea," with violin obligato by her sister, Miss Flossie Mulloy. Other numbers were Landon Ronald, "Sunbeams," Miss Ida Gertrude Snarr (a) Leoni, "Coolan Dhu," (b) Horatio Parker, "The Lark Now Leaves His Wat'ry Nest," Miss Wynifred Lawrence; (a) Willeby, "Summer Rain," (b) Clayton Johns' "I Little Know or Care," Mrs. B. F. Keillor; Teresa del Riego, "Slave Song," Miss Edith L. Burnett; (a) Coleridge Taylor, "Canoe Song," (b) Jas. H. Rogers, "Love Has Wings," Miss Annie M. Gall; Ellen Wright, "A Song of Waiting," Mrs. F. Markham; Dudley Buck, "When the Heart is Young," Miss Marion Alexander, A.T.C.M.; (a) Dorothy Forster, "Rose in the Bud," (b) Guy d'Hardelot, "You and Love," Miss Elma Lindsay; German, "Who'll Buy My Lavender?" Miss Olive Cross.

* * *

Following is the programme given by pupils of the primary grade at the weekly recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday: Lichner, "Joyous May," Miss Ina Grant; Bachmann, "The Grasshoppers," Miss Lillian Stein; Duvernoy, "Bluette Valse," Master Eric Peterson; Behr, "Gipsy Serenade," Miss Nesta Verner; Quigley, "Fairy's Wedding," Miss Jean Ross; Meyer-Helmund, "I'y Pense," Miss Margaret Russell; Strelezki, "Happy Days," Miss Dora Maclennan; Lege, "Butterflies," Master Oliver Bray; (a) Bach, "Inventions, Nos. 1 and 8," (b) Ernst, "Squirrel's Frolic," Master Dick Allen; Delbruch, "Berceuse," Master Philip T. Clark; A. L. Brown, "A Night in Venice," Miss Charlotte Robinson; Ducelle, "Queen of Roses," Miss Ruth Humphrey; Ducelle, "Blondinette," Master Herman Vander-Feen. The teachers represented were: Misses Eva I. Hughes, Daisy Mitchell, Lily Lawson, Annie Hallworth, Annie M. Connor, Jessie M. Allen, Ada J. F. Twohy, Ada M. Briggs, Edith Myers.

Joseph Martin, ex-Premier of British Columbia, who will hereafter make London his home. Mr. Martin spoke before members of the Toronto Canadian Club just previous to his sailing for Europe.

NOTABLE CONCERT IN MASSEY HALL.

When beautiful Emma Eames appeared here nearly four years ago she was not at her best, owing to ill-health, which at the time naturally had its effect on her voice. She has never enjoyed better health and spirits than this season. She appears at Massey Hall next Monday evening, and the public will hear a most delightful programme in which songs in English will predominate. She will give one group of German songs, examples of Richard Strauss, Johann Brahms, Max Stange and Von Fielitz. Then, with the exception of "The Butterfly Song," by Campra, and Gounod's "Printemps," all her other songs are in English, of which there are six. She also sings in two duets with that most magnetic of baritones, Emilio de Gogorza, who has probably created more leading baritone roles in the oratorio and concert field than any other baritone now before the American public. Last season, for instance, he created the part of "Eugene Onegin" in Tschaikowski's opera of that name when it was given in New York by Walter Damrosch and his Symphony Orchestra, and he did it with such remarkable success that the work was repeated shortly afterwards in New York and many other Eastern cities. Two years ago he also created the baritone role in Fred R. Converse's oratorio "Job," written especially for the fiftieth anniversary of the Worcester Music Festival, and which part he sang frequently that winter. This year Mr. Gogorza is singing at Worcester, Mass., the baritone part in Sir Edward Elgar's new oratorio, "Caractacus," and in the same place the part of the High Priest in "Samson and Dalila." When Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" was given its first hearing in this country, Mr. Gogorza created the baritone part.

The Imperial Bank of Canada has opened a branch at Lethbridge, Alberta.

Mike (as someone knocks)—Sure! if Oi don't answer, ut's some wan t' give me a job, an' if Oi do, ut's the lan'lord afther the rint!—Life.

SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bilton announce the engagement of their daughter, Edna, to Mr. Robert Stanfield Coryell. The marriage will take place in April.

*

The engagement is announced of Miss Janie E. Caesar, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George S. Caesar, Grosvenor street, to Mr. Robert John Acheson, of Goderich. The marriage will take place after Easter.

*

Mrs. John Wesley Wilson, formerly Nina Fischer, will receive for the first time since her marirage at the residence of her mother, Mrs. William Fischer, 166 Madison avenue, on Wednesday, March 31, from 4.30 to 10 o'clock.

*

The fair sex are on the *qui vive* over the coming of the beautiful Emma Eames to Massey Hall on Monday evening next. Apart from her glorious voice and charming personality, Madame Eames is recognized as the most effectively dressed woman appearing in public to-day.

*

Mrs. D. D. Mann gave a luncheon at Fallingbrook for Mrs. Pinkham, wife of the Bishop of Calgary, who is visiting in town.

*

Mr. and Mrs. A. Edward Trebilcock announce the engagement of their only daughter, Edith Cameron, to Mr. William Chalmers Gall, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Gall, of Parkdale. The marriage will take place in Easter week.

*

The congregation of St. Philip's Church gave a farewell reception to the Bishop of Toronto in the Parish House on Tuesday night. There was a programme of music, some speeches and a presentation of robes to the new Bishop, a cabinet of silver to Mrs. Sweeny, and handsome gifts to the two daughters of the Bishop, Misses Miriam and Kathleen Sweeny. Bishop Reeve presided and Mr. Burton and Mr. Evans Lewis made the presentations.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

BERTRAM—On March 16th, at Joplin, Missouri, to Mr. and Mrs. George Murry Bertram, a son.

PARKINSON—At Ottawa, on Friday, March 19th, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Parkinson, 193 Second ave., Ottawa, a daughter.

MERCER—March 17th, 1909, at "Glendoveer", Moore Park, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Mercer, a son.

BURNS—At Dunville, Ont., on March 18, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burns, a daughter.

DOWNES—On March 17, 1909, at Strathcona, Alberta, to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Downes, a son.

BROOKE—At the Cottage Hospital, 84 Wellesley street, March 24, 1909, the wife of Frederick Charles Brooke, of a son, still-born.

HINES—At Albany, N.Y., on Sunday, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Earle Garfield Hines, a son.

MARRIAGES.

PARSONS—SAULTS—At Goderich, on Monday, March 22, 1909, by Rev. J. A. Hamilton, Hattie J., eldest daughter of Mr. J. B. Saults, to Mr. G. L. Parsons, superintendent of the Goderich Elevator & Transit Company.

DEATHS.

BODDY—At Toronto, on Tuesday, Mar. 23, 1909, at her late residence, 222 Berkeley street, Sarah, widow of the late Edward H. Boddy, in her 55th year.

WHITE—At Prescott, Ont., on Saturday, the 20th March, 1909, Charlotte Cummins White, wife of H. B. White, and daughter of the late Rev. Horatio Nelson Phillipps and Sophia Dowell Phillipps, formerly of Niagara-on-the-Lake.

BERTRAM—On March 16th, at Joplin, Missouri, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Murray Bertram.

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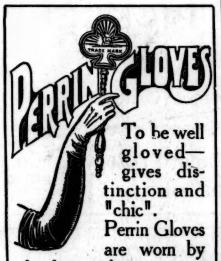

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Pretorian	May 22nd, June 19th.
Hesperian	May 29th, June 26th.

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The Arnold Massage Vibrator--Latest and Best

This machine can be attached to any electric light lamp. The "Arnold Vibrator" can also be secured furnished with dry batteries.

The Arnold Vibrator is the latest scientific method of giving Swedish movement and hand massage by mechanical means. With this wonderful electrical instrument you can give as powerful massage as the strongest expert masseur.

It is also the very latest electrical device discovered and is of most valuable assistance in treating cases of poor circulation and ailments of the heart, nerves, brain and vital organs.

This Vibrator is being recommended by the greatest experts in the medical profession both in Europe and America for the treatment of all rheumatic and neuralgic or paralytic affections. Thousands were sold in New York City alone last month.

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The "Arnold Vibrator" is a successful bust developer.

If your druggist doesn't handle them, write to us—we will furnish all information quickly.

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HAMILTON
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Is the Best Bacon

GLOWING EMBERS

(*Continued from page 9.*)

point his answering call was cut short by the loud crash of a great pine, that, loosened by the storm, fell outwards into the lake striking him in its descent, and pinning his boat under water.

Before she could reach him he managed to tear himself free and came towards her, swimming slowly and with great effort. Madly she paddled towards him, calling to him to have courage, and as the last remnant of his strength gave way she reached him. His breath came in gasps, his face was ghastly, and across his forehead was a deep gash from which the blood welled too rapidly for the storm to wash it away.

Without a thought of danger to herself she brought the canoe along side and tried as best she could to help him. Steadying herself she reached for him and missed. Again she steadied the little craft and brought it round, and once more it was swept by the struggling man.

With almost superhuman effort she brought the canoe round and managed to seize Deringham by the thick cloth of his heavy collar. Mechanically he tried to help himself, but his eyes were blinded by blood, and as his hands groped feebly for the gunwale, it was plain that his senses were leaving him.

"John, John," she murmured, for her own strength was spent, "John, you must help yourself or I cannot save you."

Unseeing, unrealizing, dazed from the effects of the blow, he looked at her vaguely, unknowingly.

"Gracie, Gracie, dear," he muttered, "Gracie, dearest, I knew you'd come."

To the woman in the canoe, maddened with jealousy, weak from exertion and exposure, the words were like a whip. Lifting the paddle she struck fiercely at the fingers clutching the gunwale, then shrieked in horror as they relaxed their hold.

Stupefied, helpless, she stared at the spot where Deringham had disappeared beneath the water; then with an agonized cry sprang after him.

A moment later quickly widening circles disturbed the dance of the whitecaps. In the distance a loon laughed in mockery. Then all was still, save the patter of the rain.

A Beethoven Night.

MUSIC awaits you. Let it melt
'Round aching heart and weary sense.
Like night dew on parched summer grass,
Cool fingered with beneficence.

Is the soul choked, the heart opressed
With hopes unspoken, foiled, denied?
Adelaida sweeps you free
Full flood on love's impassioned tide.

Does troth seem cold, Truth cloak his face?
Hark! Leonora's faith dares all:
Outsings the shadow even where Death
Races the rescuer's trumpet call.

Is life too heavy, sense made dumb
With the old questioning "To what end"?
Grief taught, the Master too heard Fate
Knock at the door yet would not bend.

Those summoning notes that high and low
Now leap in surge now ripple by,
As though the inexorable should smile
And say: "Love, too, and light am I."

These you shall hear to-night begin
The symphony's splendor: then half drowned
In beauty, pierce the charmed ear,
Whispering the Infinite in their sound.

Fate knocks—you hear?—serenely stern,
Bars and unbars—the Master knew
And from her strength his harmonies
A sustenance immortal drew.

He knew, he felt—and in his hand
Music became no weakling toy,
But resolute and strong bade man
Mingle Necessity and Joy.

—LEONARD HUXLEY, in the Spectator.

Attention is directed to the sale of Oil and Water Color paintings by Mrs. M. E. Dignam, at 2.30 Tuesday afternoon, 30th March, at C. M. Henderson and Co.'s Art Gallery, 87-89 King street east.

John Merven Carrere, at a meeting of architects in New York, said: "Amazing, the age of an architect's patrons! The average man, in fact, is 35 before he begins to save seriously; his pile isn't made till he is 50; he begins to build himself a house in his old age, and his funeral takes place about the time the painters are called in."—New York Times.

President Taft's White Steamer

PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS FAMILY IN THEIR WHITE STEAMER

When the announcement was made several months ago that Mr. Taft would use an automobile during his term as President, much rivalry developed among the leading manufacturers for the honor of selling him a car and the public watched with interest to see what Mr. Taft's choice would be. The knowing ones predicted that the White Steamer would be selected and they pointed out that President Roosevelt had used White Steamers for two years at his summer home at Oyster Bay and had recommended this make to Mr. Taft as the most desirable.

This prediction proved correct, although Mr. Taft did not rely solely on Mr. Roosevelt's recommendation but, with his usual thoroughness, determined to have an investigation made of all the principal makes. Accordingly he asked several officers of the War Department to look into the matter for him and they tested many makes of cars, visited a number of factories so that they might see what materials were used, and, finally, they investigated the records of the different types of cars in public contests and in private service.

When their labors were completed, the officials reported unanimously to Mr. Taft in favor of the White and, accordingly, a car of this make was immediately ordered from the manufacturers, The White Company of Cleveland.

The new car was delivered to Mr. Taft in Washington a few days before his inauguration and since that time it has been in almost constant use. There has not been a day when the President or some members of his family have not been seen riding around the National Capital in the new car. It is hinted that Mr. Taft likes fast travelling and that when he rides out into the open country, he does not always insist that the speed of the car be kept within the legal limits.

Morse Fellers, manager of The White Company, Ltd., of Canada, when interviewed at his office, 170 King street west, Toronto, said: "We are receiving many inquiries each day asking for full details regarding the construction of Mr. Taft's car and in reply we are sending copies of our catalogue. Mr. Taft's car is exactly like any other Model 'M', 40 horsepower White Steamer except that his car has the United States coat-of-arms painted on either door. In other words, when we make a car for the President of the United States there is no way in which we can make it any better than the car which you or anybody else, can purchase from us.

"Some of those writing to me about Mr. Taft's car say that, although they are very desirous of having a car like Mr. Taft's, they are afraid that such a car is somewhat larger and more expensive than they desire. In reply to such letters I point out that our Model 'O' 20 horsepower car is exactly like our 40 horse-power model, except as regards the size of the different parts. The principle of construction is exactly the same and the smaller car possesses all the desirable qualities of our larger model. In other words, we can secure an exact duplicate of Mr. Taft's car for $5,400, or a car of the same quality but of smaller dimensions for only $2,750. Judging from the letters I receive, a good proportion of those desiring to purchase automobiles are quite content to trust President Taft's judgment as to the best and most desirable make."

Exercise Means Health

A woman cannot be healthy without systematic exercise. Without health her beauty cannot be retained. Exercise brings health and sustains beauty.

The ideal women of England are fresh-air enthusiasts. Exercise out-of-doors is their hobby; and the bicycle has for years been the vehicle used to obtain it. The women of England are healthy women; their beauty and attractiveness live with them into their gray years.

The new bicycle with all its comfort-giving qualities makes wheeling for women to-day a novel and pleasant means of obtaining exercise---and health.

The new bicycle---the wheel that has regingered wheeling---is the

SILVER-RIBBON MASSEY BICYCLE

The Hercules Coaster Brake is the latest and greatest of Coaster Brakes. It has no side arm—can be taken out and replaced in any bicycle in one-third of the time required by the other kind.

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WEEK-END TRIPS.

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Spring Rug Shipments

New bales of rugs arriving, including some bales of especially attractive carpets. Those who want to select fine, large rugs for library, drawing-room, or living-room, should see these new ones without fail. All kinds, colors, sizes, and prices. Come early and get first choice. New rugs of smaller size include many handsome Kazaks, Bokharas, and Persians. Our present stock represents the

Largest Collection of Oriental Rugs Ever Shown in Canada

This is an unusual chance for a wide range of choice. Prices are made particularly interesting just now.

Try Our Rug Cleaning Works We have installed the apparatus for the Persian process of cleaning, washing, and renovating Oriental rugs. It is the only process that makes old rugs look like new. We have experts who will repair and re-color old or damaged rugs. Prices are moderate. Get estimates before the Spring rush comes.

Out-of-town visitors and shoppers should see our Oriental Art Rooms. Write for booklet on "Oriental Rugs" and on "Rug Cleaning."

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King St. East. Opposite King Edward Hotel

"JAEGER" NEW NEGLIGEE SHIRTS

New Shades Exclusive Patterns

in Pure Wool "Cambric," Pure Wool "Taffeta," Pure Wool "Tussore" and Twill Flannels—with or without the soft double cuff, and detachable soft collars to match—just received from England. These are without doubt the most comfortable shirts for spring and summer. Make your selection while our stocks are complete. Look carefully for the "Jaeger" trade mark—it is a guarantee of quality and purity.

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"The Servant Problem" is Easily Solved in the Home where Shredded Wheat is Known.

To serve—simply heat in oven, pour hot milk or cream over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.
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In spite of the fact that you spend easily a third of your life in bed, some people will buy inferior mattresses and springs from a false idea of economy. We want a chance to prove to you that

HERCULES BED SPRINGS

are the most comfortable made and at a popular price. And when used with

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Night trains make direct connection in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia with through trains to Atlantic City via the Delaware River Bridge Route. Passengers for other resorts use trains from Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

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allowed on return ticket if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.
For tickets and additional information apply to Ticket Agents, N.Y.C. & H.R.R.R., or B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main St., Hillcott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

The Ever-Changing West.

MR. R. B. BENNETT, K.C., of Calgary, writes as follows concerning western development to The Canadian Gazette, London:

When I located in Calgary eleven years ago the town had a population of about three thousand and was the centre of a ranching district. It depended for its existence to a considerable extent on the cattle owners and cowboys of the district, most of whom were Englishmen, and right good fellows they were. And British traditions permeated the social life of the community, which means that it was kept up to a high standard. Life in Calgary in those days reflected more or less the calm quiet of an English community; to-day it reflects the bustle and push of an enterprising American and Canadian settlement. Then, the sport of the people consisted principally of English games—cricket, polo and football; now, the American and Canadian influence is responsible for these games being superseded largely by baseball and trotting races. But British influence is by no means dormant in recreation. The district still boasts of the best polo teams, the members of which are principally Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen, many of whom are retired officers of the Imperial army. Lawn tennis is indulged in in the summer, and every year a curling "bonspiel" is held in Calgary, which in the west is second only to that of Winnipeg. The difficulty in connection with ice sports in Calgary and Southern Alberta generally, however, is that there is no assurance of good ice, owing to the mildness of the climate. So much is this so, that during my eleven years' residence in CalgaryI have not known one continuous week of sleighing. The interest in football is maintained, and the Caledonian team won the "People's" shield and championship of Canada during three consecutive years. And to the British element in the population Southern Alberta owes much for that love of clean, honest sport, played for its own sake, which has been cherished and preserved. Particularly is this so in relation to polo, and also in the British settler's desire and efforts to prevent illegal shooting, hunting and fishing, and the preservation of the game of the country.

During the past ten years the development of Alberta, more especially Southern Alberta, has been such as to attract the attention not only of the farmers but of the capitalists of the American continent, who have realized that its wonderful productiveness and equable climate offer chances not to be found in any other part of the Dominion. My only regret is that the British farmer and the British capitalist are not reaping the benefit of the splendid opportunities that are everywhere offered in that section of Canada for settlement and the safe investment of capital. The Americans who have been pioneers in the Western United States, realizing the possibilities of Southern Alberta, are purchasing enormous holdings of coat lands and farm lands, and investing their money wherever the opportunity offers. Personally, I believe in a close union between Canada and the Empire, for I believe that within the Empire, and not out of it, we will find a greater opportunity for the preservation of our individuality as a people and our existence as a nation.

Another factor in the growth of the West is the rapid mineral development of British Columbia, which has created an ever-increasing market for farm and dairy products, and which in return has created an expanding market for its own splendid fruit. Alberta and Saskatchewan produce what British Columbia needs, and British Columbia produces what the prairie Provinces consume. There is no other part of Canada which consumes the quantity of fruit per head as that of the prairie district.

LOW FARES WEST.

Via Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

$33 for one way ticket from Chicago to Seattle, Tacoma or Spokane, Wash., Portland, Ore., Victoria or Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco or Los Angeles, California, and many other points on the Pacific Coast. Tickets on sale March 1 to April 30. $7 for double berth in tourist sleeper from Chicago. Complete information about routes and train service free on request. A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King street east, Toronto.

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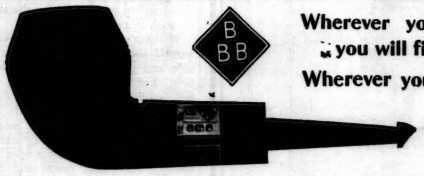

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